

SCHWARZENEGGER'S LEFT TURN ■ BARTLETT BUSHWHACKED

MARCH 13, 2006

The American Conservative

The Clash Starts in Denmark...

Vikings vs. Vandals

Paul Belien

Inflaming Islam

Patrick J. Buchanan

GETTING CHAVEZ WRONG

I'm a fan of Steve Sailer's movie reviews, but I find his storyline on Cesar Chavez (Feb. 27) way out of focus.

I watched the real thing for 10 years—close up. I was the American Farm Bureau's staff labor director confronting the Chavez boycott, which was killing thousand of small California growers, most of whom hired no workers at all.

Chavez and his United Farm Workers were not routed by Mexican illegals but by domestic misfortunes in the fields of California. His secondary boycott—to force growers to force their workers into the UFW—was but a palliative for a time. On the expiration of the three-year UFW contract, numbers of workers flocked into the Teamsters—who had been organizing lettuce workers in Salinas before Chavez appeared on the scene—or simply went non-union. Illegal aliens had nothing to do with the outcome, which presaged the decline of the UFW.

Far from the overworked Steinbeck theme, the overwhelming majority of the California farm work was residential and was doing reasonably well. There was never any clamor to be organized by Chavez, who actually fought proposals to bring agriculture under the wing of the National Labor Relations Act and provide secret-ballot elections for farm workers. And no, growers did not bus in nor provide transport for illegals as strikebreakers. To do so would have been a serious federal offense.

It's weird for me to find "Cesar Chavez, Minuteman" in *TAC*. He, his organization, his alliances, his ethnic subterfuge, and his political direction were ever on compass with the radical Left. To suggest that Chavez emerging from the shades of *La Raza* could become a paradigm in a campaign against illegal immigration from Mexico is just bewildering.

JACK ANGELL
Evanston, Ill.

STILL LEFT BEHIND

W. James Antle's perceptive article (Feb. 27) points out that diverse interests, Republican and Democrat, supported the No Child Left Behind Act. The law anticipated that its rigorous testing basis would produce failing public schools, then provided that parents could choose private and parochial schools that do not undergo such testing and may be failing even worse. Solution: no vouchers for private or parochial schools unless they are subject to the same testing as public schools.

JOHN TOMASIN
New York, N.Y.

W. James Antle replies:

Mr. Tomasin has been misled by the Bush administration's efforts to spin No Child Left Behind as a school-choice initiative. In fact, NCLB does not provide vouchers for students to attend private or parochial schools at all. Students in schools that are deemed failing may be allowed to choose another public school within the same district if there is space available. In practice, this often translates into no choice at all.

CAR-HATING KUNSTLER

I find it interesting that you would print an automobile-hating, suburbia-detesting author like James Howard Kunstler (Feb. 13). A conservative he is not. Instead, I wonder if he is a distant relative of the late James J. Howard, the representative who brought motorists the hated 55 miles-per-hour national maximum speed limit 32 years ago.

While many points in his article are correct, beneath the surface, you can see his hatred of working people and the American middle class. His statement that the lower ranks began to impose their tastes on everyone else as they became prosperous is contemptible. What is wrong with people benefiting from the fruits of their labors? What

makes his so-called taste any better than others? The rich in society can insulate themselves from things that bother them. The less affluent can't.

Kunstler's hatred for the automobile is prevalent throughout his writings. He blames the automobile for suburban sprawl while virtually ignoring the role of financial instruments and Alan Greenspan's policy of cheap money. The 30-year mortgage and now interest-only financing have produced the ugly parking lots and the sprawling blights along four- and six-lane roads to shopping nirvana.

Cars have been around since the 1900s. The Fed began playing fast and loose with our money supply during the 1980s, coincident with the dizzying breakout of suburban sprawl. It should be noted that most of the interstate highway system was completed years before.

In the 1950-1974 period, this country was at its peak of prosperity. Part of it was lost because of the energy crisis, but poor monetary policy at the Fed and the movement to free trade has made our future perilous at best. Blaming our problems on simply our addiction to "cheap" energy, our love for motorized transport, industrial civilization, and our desire to live better does everyone a disservice. We need to focus on bringing back our industrial base and developing a system of alternative energy that will work, a task that will require constructive thinking, not middle-class hatred.

HENRY B. STOWE
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REUTERS PHOTO ARCHIVE

[COVER]

Denmark's Intifada

BY PAUL BELIEN The cartoon crisis is a calculated reaction by Islamic radicals to the smartest immigration laws in Europe. **Page 6**

Cultural Warmongers

BY PATRICK J. BUCHANAN Insulting Islam needlessly antagonizes the Muslim masses we're working to win over. **Page 9**

[DIPLOMACY]

Missing the Target

BY CHARLES V. PEÑA Deterring a nuclear Iran is better than going to war to enforce nonproliferation. **Page 19**

[DISSENT]

Thou Shalt Not Speak Ill of Bush

BY BRUCE BARTLETT A veteran of two Republican administrations loses his think-tank job for criticizing the president's unconservative policies. **Page 24**

COLUMNS

27 William Pfaff: Perpetual War

35 Taki: Room With a View

NEWS & VIEWS

4 Fourteen Days: Allen Wins, Allen Loses; Scooter Drops a Dime—Maybe; *Roe* in the Balance

21 Deep Background: At Goss's CIA, criticize torture, get fired; Hughes purges the embassies

ARTICLES

11 James L. Payne: Elections do not a democracy make.

13 W. James Antle III: Taking stock of the Right at the year's largest gathering of conservative activists

15 Chilton Williamson Jr.: Flannery O'Connor, a Catholic first, a writer second

17 Selwyn Duke: Social engineers write history by quota.

22 Steven Greenhut: Schwarzenegger's sharp left turn

ARTS & LETTERS

28 Steve Sailer: A good man is hard to find in "Something New."

29 James P. Pinkerton: *Postwar: A History of Europe Since 1945* by Tony Judt

31 James Bovard: *State of War: The Secret History of the CIA and the Bush Administration* by James Risen

33 Ralph de Toledano: The jazz of Bix Beiderbecke

[POLITICS]

ALLEN WRENCH

The Republican cheering section at FreeRepublic.com couldn't possibly have known who they were calling a "candy a**" when they took aim at James Webb for his opposition to the Iraq War. The Naval Academy graduate was first in his class at the Marine Corps officers' school in Quantico and earned the Navy Cross, the Silver Star, two Bronze Stars, and two Purple Hearts in Vietnam. He went on to serve as President Reagan's secretary of the Navy, write six bestsellers, teach literature, win an Emmy, produce movies, and shows no signs of slowing. Last week, Webb announced that he will run as a Democrat for the Virginia Senate seat held by GOP darling George Allen.

According to Webb, the invasion of Iraq was "one of the most ill-advised and reckless actions that the US government has ever taken." Opposition to imperial adventuring along with "reinstating notions of true fairness in American society"—Webb has written that affirmative action amounts to "a permeating state-sponsored racism that is as odious as the Jim Crow laws it sought to countermand"—and "reining in the unbridled power of the Presidency" form the backbone of his campaign.

He will face an opponent in the June primary—Harris Miller, a computer entrepreneur. But *Time* is already reporting that the entry of Webb into the race will rein in Allen's presidential ambitions: "Allen had hoped to have only token opposition in his re-election bid this year, making it possible for him to also build the machinery for a 2008 presidential run. But with the charismatic Webb as a possible opponent, Allen will have to stick close to home." He will also have to be careful how he handles this unusual challenger. Webb wrote in a recent article, perhaps presciently, "The political tactic of playing



up the soldiers on the battlefield while tearing down the reputations of veterans who oppose them could eventually cost the Republicans dearly."

[STRATEGY]

SECOND THOUGHTS

Yuval Diskin, the head of Shin Bet, Israel's domestic security agency, told West Bank settlers in a recent speech that Israel might soon rue its decision to back the American invasion of Iraq. "When you dismantle a system in which there is a despot who controls his people by force, you have chaos. I'm not sure we won't miss Saddam," he said.

In Israel at least, realism about foreign policy is not a theoretical matter. Would that Diskin had found some way to get through to George W. Bush when it might have made a difference.

[JUSTICE]

SCOOTER SQUEALS?

Scooter Libby may be dusting off the "just following orders" defense. *National Journal* reports that according to court records and attorneys close to the case, Vice President Dick Cheney's former chief of staff, under indictment for concealing his role in compromising the identity of CIA officer Valerie Plame,

has testified to a federal grand jury that Cheney and other "superiors" "authorized" him to leak classified information to bolster flagging support for the war.

"Libby testified to the grand jury that he had been authorized to share parts of the NIE [National Intelligence Estimate] with journalists in the summer of 2003 as part of an effort to rebut charges then being made by former U.S. Ambassador Joseph Wilson that the Bush administration had misrepresented intelligence information to make a public case for war," *National Journal* reports.

Libby doesn't claim—not yet anyway—that his boss told him to leak Plame's identity, although the indictment does say, "Libby was advised by the Vice President of the United States that Wilson's wife worked at the Central Intelligence Agency ..."

This new information implies, however, that Libby wasn't freelancing: Cheney was an active player who didn't consider the classified seal sacrosanct and dispatched his lackey to whisper key points. Moreover, it suggests that a hefty defense fund and a cushy job at the Hudson Institute aren't sufficient to keep Scooter silent. Those who had him pegged for a reliable scapegoat may want to reconsider.

[IMMIGRATION]

MEXICO ROCKS U.S. BORDER

Late last month, Homeland Security Secretary Michael Chertoff didn't take reports of Mexican military incursions north of the border very seriously. To news of a run-in between Hudspeth County, Texas sheriff's deputies and Mexican drug smugglers kitted out like soldiers—replete with uniforms, machine guns, and Humvees—Chertoff scoffed, "I think to create the image that somehow there is a deliberate effort by the Mexican military to cross the border would be to traffic in scare tactics." "We have a good relationship with the Mexicans," he insisted—though on the evidence, that relationship is not so good as to preclude drug smugglers from getting their hands on Vicente Fox's military gear. T.J. Bonner of the U.S. National Border Patrol Council was unsurprised by Chertoff's complaisance: "This is a guy whose time on the border can be measured in hours, not years," he told the Associated Press.

But ever so gradually, Bush's domestic security czar is starting to realize that maybe there's a problem. On Feb. 10, he acknowledged that violence along the border has more than doubled in the past fiscal year and, in Chertoff's words, "that ranges from gunshots fired across the border to rocks being thrown, sometimes flaming rocks, and let me tell you, rockings are serious."

"Rockings" are indeed serious—last month a Border Parole agent needed 25 stitches after being struck in the eye with a well-aimed stone. But, Secretary Chertoff, if rockings are serious, what about those Humvees? Hudspeth County Sheriff Arvin West doesn't believe for a minute that they were ordinary, if well-armed, smugglers. "Let's clarify that it was the Mexican military," he told the *El Paso Times*, "There's no doubt in my mind."

[JUSTICE]

PREMATURE DELIVERY

The South Dakota legislature may be about to put President Bush's rightward shift of the federal judiciary to the test. By a vote of 47 to 22, the state house passed a bill banning abortion except when necessary to save the mother's life. The intent is clear: to challenge *Roe v. Wade*.

The Indiana house followed suit, passing a bill that requires women seeking abortions to be informed that human life begins at conception. If enacted, it will be the farthest-reaching informed-consent law in the country.

Pro-lifers are taking a risk, betting on at least another Supreme Court vacancy and Bush's continued commitment to their cause. Even if Chief Justice Roberts and Justice Alito vote to reverse *Roe*, the Supreme Court would still be 5-4 in favor of reaffirming the decision.

If the 1973 ruling falls, some states will pass pro-life laws as strong as South Dakota's; many more will opt for less sweeping restrictions. If *Roe* stands, Republican court picks will have once again disappointed social conservatives. Lawmakers in Pierre are in effect asking Bush, "What's it going to be?"

[TRENDS]

SHORT STRAW

This year's CPAC straw-poll results—a barometer of who the nation's conservative activists think will be the Republican nominee in 2008—do not bode well for values voters. No social conservative made the top four. Virginia Sen. George Allen, who favors keeping first-trimester abortions legal, took pole position with 22 percent. John McCain, who in 2000 denounced leaders of the Religious Right as "agents of intolerance," followed with 20 percent. Rudy Giuliani and Condoleezza Rice, both pro-choice, were the only other contenders to reach the double digits, with 12 percent and 10 percent respectively. ■

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Denmark's Intifada

Behind the cartoon crisis lies a small country's fight for its national identity.

By Paul Belien

DENMARK IS ONE of Europe's smallest countries; it has only 5.5 million inhabitants. Until the beginning of this year it was known mainly for dairy products, butter cookies, Legos, and Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales. However, conservative Europeans had been watching Denmark for some time. Since Prime Minister Anders Fogh Rasmussen's center-right coalition came to power in 2001, Copenhagen has introduced the most sensible immigration policies in Europe.

Today, Denmark is at the center of a controversy over 12 drawings, the infamous Danish cartoons. Syria and Iran have virtually declared war on Denmark, Danish consulates and embassies have been attacked in the Middle East and Africa, and Islamic countries are officially boycotting Danish products.

Those who believe that the whole issue has to do with 12 cartoons are naïve. Denmark is being punished for its alleged Islamophobia. Its crime is not the publication of 12 drawings in *Jyllands-Posten*, a paper in the rural province of Jutland. Its crime is the staunch refusal of the Danish Vikings to allow Muslim immigrants to impose their laws upon their host country.

In 2001, the various parties of the center-right and so-called "far Right" won the Danish elections. As a consequence, Rasmussen's free-market Liberals formed a coalition with the Conservatives. The new government did not have the majority in the Folketing, the Danish Parliament, but it received the support of the Dansk Folkeparti, the populist,

anti-immigration Danish People's Party led by the housewife-turned-politician Pia Kjaersgaard.

In return for Kjaersgaard's support, but also because the two coalition parties believed it was necessary, the government introduced drastic measures to curb the influx of low-skilled immigrants from Third World countries. "There is no danger that Denmark will become a multicultural society, because this is not our goal," Rasmussen said before the elections.

The new government introduced legislation that made it harder for immigrants to enter Denmark and to acquire Danish nationality. Copenhagen began to repatriate illegal immigrants and encouraged rejected asylum seekers to leave. It implemented stricter rules to determine who should receive residence permits. It slashed social benefit payments to newcomers, allowing them only a box of bare necessities.

As a result, the number of asylum seekers in Denmark dropped from 12,100 in 2000 to 3,222 in 2004. The number of people recognized as refugees decreased from 5,159 in 2000 to 1,607 in 2004. Residence permits for family reunification dropped from 10,021 in 2000 to 4,791 in 2003. The number of people acquiring Danish nationality fell from 18,811 in 2000 to 6,583 in 2003, with Asians down from 7,844 to 1,436 and Africans from 2,371 to 312. People who wanted to become Danes had to pass a language, culture, and history test.

After the February 2005 elections, which the Labour opposition lost, Ras-

mussen formed his second Liberal-Conservative minority government. Again he could count on the support of Kjaersgaard's Dansk Folkeparti. "Our immigration policies are widely supported by the people," Rasmussen said.

The government announced that in 2006 it would curb the flow of immigrants from Third World countries even further. According to Claus Hjort Frederiksen, the minister for employment, immigrants from countries such as Somalia, Iran, Iraq, and Lebanon constitute an untenable burden on Danish welfare. "We are simply forced to adopt a new policy on immigration. The calculations of the welfare committee are terrifying and show how unsuccessful the integration of immigrants has been up to now," he said. Frederiksen announced that from this year on immigrants will only be allowed into Denmark if they have a job waiting for them. A government committee calculated that if immigration from Third World countries were blocked completely, 75 percent of the cuts needed to sustain the very generous Danish welfare system in the coming decades would not be necessary.

During the past five years the Danish government also took measures to ensure the assimilation of immigrants already present. Confronted with the fact that many young Muslims are forced into marriages and that many of them marry someone from their country of origin, a bill passed prohibiting Danish residents from bringing foreign spouses into the country unless both partners are at least 24 years of age.

Last autumn Rikke Hvilshøj, the minister of immigration and integration, ordered local authorities to report the slightest suspicion of immigrant families forcing their children into reconditioning trips to their countries of origin. (Muslims send their children on such trips in order to prevent them from becoming too Westernized.) The government announced that it will deport families that engage in such practices. "When you come to Denmark to live here, you are expected to do everything in your power to be integrated," Rasmussen said.

Denmark is restricting the number of immigrants because it wants to be able to absorb those that settle in the country. "The number of foreigners coming to the country makes a difference," Hvilshøj said recently. "There is an inverse correlation between how many come here and how well we can receive the foreigners that come." The minister added that immigrants should be prepared to discard certain cultural and political notions from the countries they left behind: "In my view, Denmark should be a country with room for different cultures and religions. Some values, however, are more important than others. We refuse to question democracy, equal rights, and freedom of speech."

By insisting that immigrants integrate, Hvilshøj, who joined the government as immigration and integration minister in February 2005, has become a hated figure. Radical imams, who do not want Muslim immigrants to accept Danish values, despise her. Last June, there was an attempt to set fire to her home, where she, her husband, and her two little children were sleeping. Her car was torched and flames engulfed the roof of her house, but the minister and her family were able to escape unharmed. Following the incident, Mrs. Hvilshøj and her family were moved to a secret location, while bodyguards were assigned to all cabinet ministers.

The arson attempt occurred just two days after Hvilshøj snubbed Ahmed Abdel Rahman Abu Laban, the leader of Denmark's radical imams. The minister had rejected his demand that blood money be paid to the family of a Muslim who was murdered in a Copenhagen suburb. The family had announced that its thirst for revenge could be sated if 200,000 kroner were paid. Abu Laban said that the practice of paying blood money to the family of a deceased person was normal in Muslim societies, but Minister Hvilshøj rejected the proposal. She stressed that what is normal according to Islamic law is not necessarily normal in Denmark.

The notorious cartoon case should be viewed in the same context. It is blasphemy for a Muslim to depict the prophet Mohammed. Abu Laban and his followers would enforce this rule upon non-Muslims as well. On Sept. 30, 2005, *Jyllands-Posten* published 12 drawings to illustrate an article on censorship and freedom of speech in a multicultural society. Flemming Rose, the cultural editor, commissioned the drawings after Kåre Bluitgen, an author of children's books, complained in an interview that he could not find an illustrator for his book about the prophet Mohammed.

Bluitgen's book was not in the least disrespectful of Islam. On the contrary, it was a narrative of the prophet's life. However, Bluitgen said, he had a hard time finding an illustrator because Danish artists were afraid to draw Mohammed out of fear for reprisals from Muslim immigrants, who represent about 4 percent of the Danish population. To verify whether Denmark's multicultural society was indeed leading to the majority being intimidated by the minority, Flemming invited 40 illustrators to draw Mohammed for an article about self-censorship and freedom of speech.

Only 12 artists dared to accept the invitation. Some made simple drawings

of an Arab man, others made cartoons mocking *Jyllands-Posten* and/or Bluitgen for staging a PR stunt, and just a handful sent cartoons that could, by Western standards, be considered mildly provocative. The "worst" cartoon of the series showed Mohammed as a bearded man with a bomb hidden in his turban.

Nothing much happened at first. Abu Laban and his radical imams staged a noisy protest in which some 5,000 Muslims participated. The imams also appeared to have good contacts in Egypt. On Oct. 17, the Egyptian newspaper *al-Fagr* republished the most offensive of the cartoons, accompanied by an article denouncing them. However, even though one of the cartoons was published on *al-Fagr's* frontpage, the article did not provoke an outcry in Egypt. There were no reports of violence nor calls for a boycott of Danish products.

On Oct. 20, the ambassadors from 11 Muslim countries complained about the drawings in a letter to Rasmussen and demanded that he condemn the paper. Mona Omar Attia, the Egyptian ambassador, who acted as the spokesperson for the group, which included the ambassadors of European and would-be European countries such as Bosnia-Herzegovina and Turkey, said that the publication was a "provocation." They demanded to meet Rasmussen and also demanded that he ensure that *Jyllands-Posten* apologize for its insult "to 1.3 billion Muslims." They also demanded that the Danish government guarantee that similar things would not happen in the future.

On the same day, it was discovered that *Jyllands-Posten* had been included on an al-Qaeda website listing possible terrorist targets. An organization calling itself "The Glorious Brigades in Northern Europe" announced: "The Mujahedeen have numerous targets in Denmark—very soon you all will regret this." The Danish police advised the 12 artists to go into hiding. Round the clock police

protection was provided for the newspaper and its staff. The *jihad* against Denmark had begun.

Rasmussen, however, refused to meet with the ambassadors. He wrote a letter telling them he could not discuss the matter with them because Denmark recognizes freedom of the press. If people feel offended, they can take the case to court rather than ask the government to introduce censorship, he said. The Egyptian ambassador was furious. She announced that the Organization of the Islamic Conference (OIC), which includes 56 member states, would take the matter into its hands.

The next month the OIC sent a letter of complaint to the United Nations. On Dec. 7, Louise Ardour, the UN's High Commissioner for Human Rights, declared that the Danish cartoons were "an unacceptable disrespect" to Muslims worldwide. Ardour appointed a special investigator, Doudou Diene, to ascertain the level of Islamophobia in Denmark. Diene emphasized that the UN was taking this case very seriously because "Islamophobia is the greatest component of discrimination within Europe." He asked the Danish government to investigate the racism of *Jyllands-Posten* and the cartoonists, but Copenhagen repeated that the proper way to do so was through the Danish courts, not the government.

The European Commission in Brussels, noting that the UN was criticizing Islamophobia in Denmark, felt it had to intervene as well. On Dec. 22, Franco Frattini, the European Commissioner for Justice, declared, "these kinds of drawings can add to the growing Islamophobia in Europe." The Italian Commissioner called the publication of the drawings "thoughtless and inappropriate" because they fomented hostility against Islam and foreigners. "Honestly," he said, "I fully respect the freedom of speech, but, excuse me, one should avoid making any statement like this."

In late December and early January, a delegation, which included Abu Laban, visited religious and political leaders in Egypt and other Arab countries. The imams' road trip led to an outburst of Muslim indignation. Copenhagen was puzzled until the Danish tabloid *Extra Bladet* got hold of the 43-page report that the imams were handing out. It included three cartoons that had never been published in *Jyllands-Posten*, nor in any other Danish publication. The three bogus cartoons were obviously offensive. One showed Mohammed with a pig snout. The second showed the prophet as a pedophile, and the third one depicted a praying Muslim being raped by a dog.

When the Danish press asked the imams where they got the three fake cartoons the spokesman of the imams, explained that they had been added to "give an insight in how hateful the atmosphere in Denmark is towards Muslims." Three weeks later, in early February, American bloggers discovered that the man with the pig snout had nothing at all to do with Mohammed. The so-called "cartoon" was a fax image of an Associated Press photograph taken at a pig-squealing contest in France.

The bogus cartoons were not the only lies being spread by Abu Laban and his group. After meeting with the Danish imams, the Egyptian press claimed that the government in Copenhagen was planning to introduce a state-censored version of the Quran, that a Danish film is underway "to show how horrible Islam is," that a total of 120 offensive cartoons had been printed, and that the Danish government was directly responsible because *Jyllands-Posten* was a government-owned paper.

Prime Minister Rasmussen was shocked by the actions of the Muslim clerics. "I am speechless that those people, whom we have given the right to live in Denmark and where they freely have chosen to stay, are now touring Arab coun-

tries and inciting antipathy towards Denmark and the Danish people," he told journalists. In the Danish Parliament there was general indignation. Kjærsgaard described the imams' visit as "treason." Instead of using strong words, however, the government asked Danish embassies to correct the facts, while Rasmussen urged the Muslim representatives to correct the misinformation themselves.

Despite threats and international pressure, Rasmussen refused to give in to demands that he apologize for cartoons published in a privately owned newspaper, but he misjudged his enemies by underestimating the extent of their deceit. The imams continued repeating their lies and called for an international boycott of Denmark. By the end of January, Muslims were up in arms throughout the Islamic world. Danish products were boycotted, flags were burned, embassies and consulates were ransacked and destroyed.

Meanwhile, Muslim extremists threatened the citizens of all the countries where the cartoons were republished. This prompted the left-wing government of Norway to distance itself from the republication of the cartoons in a couple of Norwegian papers. Despite Oslo's immediate apologies, however, Norwegian embassies were ransacked. In Sweden, the government closed down a website that had posted the cartoons.

Where Denmark is concerned, however, the lying imams seem to have shot themselves in the foot. There is a general call to expel Abu Laban and the other imams, as well as all immigrants who do not accept the values of Danish society. The affair has conveyed the message that a multicultural society cannot work because the intolerant culture will impose its will on the tolerant one. "I believe it has become obvious that the imams are not the people we should be listening to if we want integration in Denmark to work," said Integration Minister Hvilshøj.

As soon as the deception by the imams was revealed in the Danish press in mid-January, moderate Muslims began to speak out against them. The first was Hadi Kahn, a Copenhagen IT consultant, who told *Jyllands-Posten* on Jan. 5, "We have no need for imams in Denmark. They do not do anything for us." On Feb. 3, Naser Khader, a Muslim member of the Danish Parliament for the Radical Party, announced the establishment of a network of moderate Muslims, the Demokratiske Muslimer. "If these imams think it is so terrible to live in Denmark, then why do they remain here?" Khader said. "They can always move to one of the countries in the Middle East which are based on the Muslim values they insist on living by. It seems that their loyalty is mainly to countries such as Saudi Arabia, so I think they should move there. I am tired of hearing them complain about the situation in this country which has given them shelter, freedom of expression, freedom of religion and tons of opportunities for their children. If they cannot be loyal to the values of this country they should leave and by that do the majority of Danish Muslims a big favor. The imams should stop criticising the cartoons and instead criticise the terrorists that cut the throats of innocent hostages in the name of Allah."

When Rasmussen met a delegation of the Demokratiske Muslimer for the first time on Feb. 13, about 700 Danish Muslims had already joined the group. It prompted a member of Parliament from Pia Kjaersgaard's Dansk Folkeparti to say that he did not know there were so many moderate Muslims in the country.

While the moderate Muslims began to speak out, the Danes rallied behind the government. Opinion polls indicated that the majority supported the government throughout the cartoon crisis. Rasmussen's party retained its position, while Kjaersgaard's party advanced considerably at the expense of the Labour Party.

The events in Denmark have been closely monitored in the rest of Europe, and will probably strengthen the electoral appeal of immigration-reform parties, who have been observing Danish policies for a couple of years now. In France and Germany, leading right-wing politicians and advocates of law and order, such as Nicolas Sarkozy, the French interior minister, and Wolfgang Schäuble, his German colleague, spoke out in support of the Danish government.

The cartoon affair comes as the second clash in barely three months between the traditional territorial nation-states of Europe and the forces of Eurabia. The

first clash was November's French *intifadah* when Sarkozy opposed gangs of Muslim thugs who wanted to assert power over parts of French territory. In Denmark, radical imams tried to assert power over the media. In both cases, Europe fought back, albeit hesitantly. The Danish resistance even compelled the generals of Eurabia to enlist the help of the entire Muslim world to intimidate one of Europe's smallest countries. And still the Vikings held their ground. Perhaps all is not yet lost. ■

Paul Belien is the editor of www.brusselsjournal.com

Cultural Warmongers

Picking a fight with a faith 1.3 billion strong

By Patrick J. Buchanan

IF YOU WISH to get along with a man, you do not insult his faith. And if you seek to persuade devout Muslims that al-Qaeda is our enemy, not Islam, you do not condone with silence insults to the faith of a billion people.

Understanding this, President Bush ceased to call the war on terror a "crusade." Visiting a mosque, he removed his shoes. He has hosted White House gatherings for the breaking of the fast at the end of Ramadan. He sent Karen Hughes to the State Department to improve our dismal image in the Islamic world. He has declared more times than many of us care to recall, "Islam is a religion of peace."

President Bush knows we are in a struggle for the hearts and minds of Islamic peoples, and if we are to win this struggle we must separate the Muslim monsters from the masses. For as that great American military mind Col. John Boyd defined it, strategy is the appending

to oneself of as many centers of power as possible and isolating your enemy from as many centers of power as possible.

This is what makes the Mohammed cartoons so stupid and self-destructive. They have given Islamic extremists visible proof to show pious Muslims that the West relishes mocking what they hold most sacred: the prophet. They have united Muslim moderates with militants in common rage against us. They have added to the hatred of the West in the Islamic world as friends like King Abdullah of Jordan, Presidents Mubarak of Egypt and Karzai of Afghanistan, and Prime Minister Erdogan of Turkey warned us they would.

One wonders. Did the cynical Europeans learn nothing from the Salman Rushdie episode? Did they learn nothing from the firestorm that erupted in the Islamic world when Christian ministers in the United States, post-9/11, called

Mohammed a “terrorist”?

Why then did they do this? Why did the Danish paper *Jyllands-Posten* publish cartoons it knew to be so blasphemous to Muslims? Why did *Le Monde*, *France Soir*, *Die Welt*, *El País*, *Il Stampa* republish them—on their front pages? If a European newsman was oblivious to the probable effect among Muslims of plastering a cartoon of Mohammed with a bomb in his turban on page one, he is too stupid to be an editor. But if he did know the near-certain effect of such an in-your-face provocation, why would he do it? Is this the reflexive secularist hostility of the Euro-press to all religious faiths on display here or something else?

And so we come to the heart of the matter. Why? What was the motive here? What is the game that is afoot? The rationale of the imams who ensured that all Muslims knew of the cartoons and their contents and called for demonstrations and assaults on Western consulates and embassies is evident. They hate us, and they wish to drive us out of the Middle East. But what propelled our own ideologues to prod U.S. editors to republish the cartoons in “solidarity” with the Europeans? Who pushed George W. Bush and Condi Rice not to condemn the cartoons but to “stand up” for the freedom to publish and defy any “intimidation” by the Islamic world?

Answer: our cultural warmongers, who seek the same goal as their cultural warmongers—to ignite a war of civilizations. Both want the “long war” of which the Pentagon speaks, the “World War IV” against “Islamofascism” that is the dream of neoconservatives and the nightmare of their countrymen.

As has been evident for some time, bin Laden and the neocons both seek the same thing: a fight to the finish, no matter how long, no matter how many invasions it takes, no matter how many lives are lost. For if peace were reached

between the Islamic world and the West, even a cold peace with Iran and Syria, what would they do then?

As the provocations of Ahmadinejad are music to the ears of neocons, for they rule out dialogue and diplomacy, the escalation of the cartoon wars into an all-out culture war between Islam and the West has made their day. But it has also wiped out much of the goodwill that George W. Bush has sought to rebuild in the region.

As one explores the arguments of the provocateurs in the West for what they are doing, on inspection all appear hollow. “We believe in the First Amendment!” comes the blustery reply of journalists when asked why they published the cartoons. The First Amendment protected the right of Trent Lott to toast Strom Thurmond. But that did not save Lott from the savagery of the neocons who demanded and got his ouster as Senate majority leader. Yet which is the more egregious offense? To pay a birthday tribute to a century-old man who was once a segregationist or to insult deliberately the most revered figure in the faith of a billion people?

Daily, U.S. editors decline to publish ethnic slurs and obscene remarks and cartoons that might offend a race or religion. This is not censorship. It is editorial judgment. The motto of the *New York Times*, which declined to publish the offending cartoons, is “All the News That’s Fit to Print.”

Conservatives contend that Islamic nations tolerate cartoons and TV shows far more viciously anti-Semitic than these cartoons were anti-Islamic. They are right. But Western newspapers never publish such cartoons, first, because they are outrageous, second, because publication would cost them advertisers, readers, and maybe their jobs. Insulting Muslims and Mohammed is a less risky and less expensive hobby than insulting Judaism or Jews. Indeed,

if you insult Islam, you can make out credentials as a moral hero.

Though State initially condemned the cartoons—“Inciting religious or ethnic hatreds in this manner is unacceptable”—the neocons rapidly re-seized control of the message. In hours, State was in retreat: “While we share the offense that Muslims have taken at these images, we at the same time vigorously defend the right of individuals to express points of view.” Of course we do. But do we believe freedom of the press was responsibly exercised when these idiot editors used it to incite a religious war?

And when it comes to press freedom, Europeans are world-class hypocrites. British historian David Irving has spent months in a prison in Vienna awaiting trial for two speeches he made 15 years ago. In Europe, skeptics and deniers of the Holocaust are fined and imprisoned with the enthusiastic endorsement of the press.

Unfortunately, Bush let slip an opportunity to show respect for the Islamic world and faith and, instead, let himself be intimidated into silently condoning an insult to both. Standing beside the King of Jordan, Bush denounced the violence the cartoons had ignited but declined to condemn the cartoons. Condi Rice denounced Iran and Syria for exploiting the rage over the cartoons but did not condemn the cause of that rage. If there is a double standard here, Bush is the guilty party. He rightly denounced Iran’s president for mocking the Holocaust but would not denounce the European press for mocking the prophet.

If Bush and Rice cannot muster the moral courage to condemn the insulting content of the cartoons, as well as the violence being promoted by anti-Western agitators and demagogues, our wars for democracy in the Middle East are in vain. For we can never win the friendship of these people if they believe our words of respect for their religion cover up a sneering contempt. ■

Election Fraud

Democracy is an effect, not a cause, of nonviolence.

By James L. Payne

NATION BUILDERS put great faith in elections. “Three days ago,” said President George W. Bush in his address of Dec. 18, 2005, “in large numbers, Iraqis went to the polls to choose their own leaders—a landmark day in the history of liberty.” This election in Iraq, Bush went on to say, “is the beginning of something new: constitutional democracy at the heart of the Middle East.” Two previous elections in Iraq were greeted with similar enthusiasm. On each occasion, politicians and editorialists heralded them as “historic” “turning points” in the development of a “strong and lasting” democracy.

If nation building were a rational enterprise, conclusions about the connection between elections and establishing democracy would be based on experience. The nation builders would have made a tabulation of all the elections held in nation-building situations in the past and observed the outcomes. If the holding of an election was followed in all or most cases by a lasting democracy, then they could have a basis for believing that elections, such as those in Iraq, have long-term significance.

Alas, nation builders shun studying past nation-building attempts for the same reason that teen lovers reject statistics on early sex. They are eager to have their way and don’t want to hear cautionary advice. From the beginning, the promoters of the Iraq invasion have ignored history, so it is not surprising to see President Bush doing it again when making claims about the significance of

elections. A look at the facts reveals that his faith in elections is seriously misplaced. In turbulent Third World political situations where nation building is attempted, elections neither portend nor establish a durable democracy.

A fruitful case to study on this point is Cuba, the scene of extensive U.S. nation-building efforts a century ago, beginning in 1898 after the Spanish-American War. The involvements included landing troops five times, two U.S. military administrations (1899-1902 and 1906-1909), and a closely guided native government from 1917-1923. These interventions constitute a laboratory of nation-building experience, for in their efforts to establish democracy, U.S. administrators tried everything from drafting constitutions, election codes, and civil-service reforms to building public schools and banning cockfighting. What does this experience tell us about the long-run effect of elections?

During the first American occupation, three elections were held: a municipal election, an election for a constitutional convention, and a presidential election in 1901 that put Tomás Estrada Palma in power. Five years after that election, rebel forces of some 24,000 troops began a revolution that threatened to overwhelm the government of Estrada Palma, prompting a second U.S. occupation and administration. In 1908, the Americans held municipal and presidential elections and handed power over to another president. Subsequent Cuban

political history includes four dictatorships, two military coups, and dozens of revolts, including the bloody revolution of 1956-1959 that brought Fidel Castro to power.

Cuba thus teaches a clear lesson about the lack of connection between elections and a durable democracy in a turbulent setting. In the period from 1900-1958, Cuba saw 23 elections, yet the only thing “strong and lasting” the country has come away with is a totalitarian dictatorship.

The history of Iraq also confirms the point that elections don’t guarantee anything about democracy. In the period from 1921-1958, Iraq saw a total of 13 elections, including five under the two British occupations (1917-1932 and 1941-1948). If elections make for democracy, then Iraq should have become a Switzerland. Instead, the country got the Saddam Hussein dictatorship,

What accounts for the faith in elections despite the overwhelming evidence that, in the Third World context, they seldom result in stable democratic regimes? The answer seems to be that observers are putting the cart before the horse. They see that elections are a characteristic of established democracies and conclude that if an election were held, that would bring about a democracy. This is the logic that grandmothers use when they pinch little cheeks. Ruddy cheeks are a sign of health. Therefore, they reason, if they make the cheeks red, it will make the child healthy.

Elections only reflect political health; they do not cause it. The best way to understand what makes for a healthy politics is to examine cases of nation-building failure and see what killed democracy. Consider Cuba in 1906. After all the hard work the Americans had put into nation building during the first occupation, what, specifically, brought it to naught? The answer is, a revolution: political leaders picked up guns and started shooting at other leaders. The revolt of 1906 was not an aberration but typical of a persistently violent politics. In just the period from 1900-1917 there were at least 23 revolts or attempted revolts nipped in the bud by arrests. Historian Hugh Thomas reports a revealing dialogue that took place in 1951 between two leaders who were discussing whom their party should nominate for an upcoming election. The first leader suggested a name. The second complained, "But he's a gangster." "Yes, *chico*," replied the first, "but we are all gangsters. What do you expect?"

IN SOMALIA IN 1994 IT WAS NOT A LACK OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS THAT WRECKED NATION BUILDING, IT WAS TOO MUCH SHOOTING.

That was the story of Cuban politics for over half a century: politics mixed with criminal violence—until politics was subdued once and for all by a *gangster máximo*, Fidel Castro.

Looking at the many other failures to establish democracy around the world, we see the same pattern: democracy died because political leaders were violent. Opposition forces resorted to gang warfare, organized assassinations, and armed revolts, while incumbents used the police and army to arrest or kill opponents, to break up meetings and demonstrations, and to destroy the media outlets of critics. In a land where

leaders are prone to violence, the only possible patterns of government are civil war or dictatorship.

If, on the other hand, leaders are disinclined to be violent, then democracy will happen more or less automatically. If they are not going to settle their disputes by force, leaders will fall back on nonviolent means. Sometimes they accept the arbitrary decision of a judge, or a group of judges, for example. Another common, nonviolent way to settle a difference of opinion is to employ a show of hands, such as a vote in a legislative body. When this show of hands involves a segment of the population, it is called ... an election! Thus we see that elections are not a magic spell that purifies a nasty, violent politics. Effective, accepted elections are merely a natural outgrowth of nonviolent politics.

Americans have difficulty appreciating the role of violence in politics because our leadership class has been essentially nonviolent from the beginning. There has been some violence among non-elites—mob violence, labor

violence, organized crime—but very little within the national leadership class. American leaders have not tried to assassinate each other or put each other in jail or attack each other's headquarters with armed gangs. They did preside over two major revolts—the Revolution and the Civil War—but they approached both of these conflicts with reluctance. Furthermore, both of these conflicts were more like international wars between organized political entities. They did not involve internecine struggles among political colleagues, as takes place in truly violent societies.

It is puzzling that policymakers con-

tinue to ignore the role of violence in nation building. In recent years, a huge industry has grown up that expends enormous—mostly taxpayer—funds on promoting democracy. The experts receiving these monies traverse the world supporting the formation of political parties, labor unions, and women's groups, writing electoral laws and civil-service reforms, funding newspapers and radio stations.

Yet somehow they fail to notice what caused other nation-building attempts to fail. In Somalia in 1994 it was not a lack of women's rights that wrecked nation building, it was too much shooting. In Lebanon in 1983, it was not the poor state of public schooling that drove would-be nation builders out of the country but huge bombs that killed over 300 peacekeepers. After the American intervention in 1994-1996, Haiti is back to chaos not because it failed to adopt a parliamentary form of government or some such political reform but because of the gangs of political thugs running around the streets of Port-au-Prince.

Perhaps Iraq, for all the agony it has caused us, will at least serve to alert future nation builders to the role of violence. Many countries aren't ready for democracy because their leaders are too enmeshed in the psychology of force. If for some reason the United States becomes involved in such countries, policymakers and the public need to be cautious about what can be achieved in the short run. We shouldn't mistake a veneer of democratic practices, like the holding of elections, for the establishment of a real democracy. ■

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Camaraderie & Conflict

CPAC offers a window into the soul of the American Right.

By W. James Antle III

THE LOBBY of Washington, D.C.'s Omni Shoreham Hotel resembled a Republican National Committee fashion show, with well-dressed, attractively coiffed teens and twentysomethings sporting GOP paraphernalia. As if to exemplify the occasionally uneasy relationship between economic and social conservatives, a young man lounged by the front door in an ill-fitting Liberty University hooded sweatshirt pulled over his dark business suit.

The occasion was the 33rd annual Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC)—a convention sponsored by the American Conservative Union—where Republican politicians and prominent conservative authors, organizers, and commentators address a throng of enthusiastic, mostly college-aged, activists. Once an active College Republican myself, I'm no stranger to such gatherings. In some respects, going to this year's CPAC was like traveling in a time machine. The single-issue conservative groups, from right-to-lifers to flat-taxers, were all there with their familiar hand-outs; Newt Gingrich was still calling for a government worthy of the 21st century; the students were ready to party like it was 1994.

Not everything was the same, however. In the 1990s, most of those present would have been against democratic (even small-d) nation building, an aggressively interventionist foreign policy, and growing presidential power at the expense of the legislative branch. These tendencies were still evident but surpassed by the view that all of the above are necessary for George W. Bush to keep America safe.

These subtle changes brought about a more dramatic one. Throughout the impeachment saga, conservatives decried Bill Clinton as a mortal threat to the rule of law. Judging from the hostile crowd reaction whenever Bill and Hillary were mentioned, CPAC attendees have hardly mellowed in their assessment of our 42nd president. But they also did not flinch when faced with the argument that controversial Bush administration actions must be legal because Clinton asserted similar prerogatives.

CPAC is therefore more than a nice trip down memory lane for veterans of the collegiate conservative network. As the largest conference of its kind, with a broad cross-section of conservative organizations and personalities represented, it is a window into the soul of the American Right.

At times, traditional conservatives could be forgiven for wanting to avert their gaze. I bumped into someone in a Big Bird-like costume carrying a "Chickens Against the War" sign. Our feathered friend was accompanied by a woman from the Campus Leadership Program, an offshoot of the generally admirable Leadership Institute, who recommended this display as a good way to foster student debate about the Iraq War. Apparently without irony, she also mixed up her talking points by encouraging passersby to start their own "campus insurgency."

In the exhibit hall, featuring some 120 booths where vendors sold memorabilia and political action committees fattened their mailing lists, there was an F-22 Raptor flight simulator courtesy of Lockheed

Martin. Fighting-aged university students thus got the chance to play pilot from the safety and comfort of a four-star hotel. No antiwar chickens here.

Wherever possible, Iraq was presented as a simple Left-Right issue, pitting red-state America against the liberal mainstream media. The Media Research Center circulated their report entitled "TV's Bad News Brigade: ABC, CBS and NBC's Defeatist Coverage of the War in Iraq," in which it attacked supposedly biased reporting that focused on the negative. I didn't hear any speaker denounce the antiwar Right as unpatriotic conservatives, as *National Review* has, but in many presentations they might as well have been nonexistent conservatives.

There seemed to be two reasons that panelists and conference attendees took such a hawkish line. One is that they read antiwar arguments as criticizing the troops rather than civilian elected officials. Congressman Sam Johnson spoke movingly about his experience as a Vietnam POW and pledged not to abandon the troops by "cutting funding for [their] war." Our strategic goals in Iraq did not enter the discussion.

The second is that they are trying to force the war on terror into the Cold War template, with terrorists as the new Communists despite the absence of a new Soviet Union. In his CPAC address, Dick Cheney rattled off terrorist attacks with very different perpetrators as evidence of what awaits should we go wobbly. Newt Gingrich repeated Reagan's Cold War dictum, "We win, they lose," but was similarly confused about who "they" are. His examples of Islamist

regimes included both unfriendly Iran and relatively pro-Western Saudi Arabia.

Yet there was dissent at CPAC and also some encouraging signs. “Last year hardly anybody criticized Bush,” one conference-goer told me. “This year a few people are even questioning the war.” Another cited the Iraq War and the expansion of Medicare as examples of Republican “socialism.” “I’m an officer in my campus’s College Republicans chapter,” he said, “and sometimes I ask myself, ‘What am I doing?’”

The reaction to the Conservatives for Peace booth—headed by *TAC*’s own Jon Basil Utley—was more favorable than in the previous year. Someone did challenge the group’s name, however, arguing that all conservatives are for peace. Some just believe that peace is best achieved through war.

Veteran conservative columnist George Will opened the conference with a speech that forcefully criticized the Bush administration’s postwar planning in Iraq and called the legal reasoning behind the National Security Agency surveillance program “a stretch that conservatives should not docilely accept.”

On immigration, CPAC attendees were in open revolt against President Bush and Republican congressional leaders. “Stop Guest Worker Amnesty” buttons were widespread, and Tancredo for President signs were almost as common as those touting Virginia Sen. George Allen.

Congressman Tancredo blasted Bush in his CPAC remarks, calling for the repeal of No Child Left Behind and the Medicare prescription drug benefit, both signature administration initiatives. As expected, however, he saved his strongest rhetoric for immigration. “It is the president who is out of step with his party, not Tom Tancredo,” the Coloradoan declared to sustained applause.

Sen. John Cornyn also delivered a speech that was all enforcement and no

amnesty. While he supports a guest-worker program—albeit one that requires illegal aliens to return to their countries of origin before participating—he preferred to talk about building a “virtual wall” around the border instead, leaving temporary workers implied in his repeated references to “comprehensive reform.”

John Gay of the National Restaurant Association gamely defended the cheap-labor lobby, but the crowd didn’t seem persuaded that meaningful law enforcement would “cripple the economy.” Longtime conservative activist Phyllis Schlafly drew cheers when she said our immigration policy should import “no serfdom, no servant class,” while those on the other side received only scattered applause.

Congressman Mike Pence, chairman of the House Republican Study Committee and a favorite of movement conservatives, assailed the GOP’s fiscal profligacy. “Whether it’s called ‘compassionate conservatism’ or ‘big-government Republicanism’ ... more government is now the accepted Republican philosophy in Washington,” he argued. “We are in danger of becoming the party of big government.”

An unscientific poll of CPAC registrants showed Bush with a net negative rating on federal spending, even worse than his approval rating on immigration control. Speaker after speaker wondered why federal agencies Republicans had long pledged to close continued to exist. “We have a Republican president, a Republican House, and a Republican Senate,” observed *Human Events* editor Terence Jeffrey in calling for an end to public television.

Not even the White House’s national-security policies were sacrosanct. Former Congressman Bob Barr challenged a skeptical audience to apply the same standard to Bush as they would a liberal administration. “We’re conservatives, not neocons,” he reminded them to

applause. “We’re not big-government conservatives.”

Surprisingly, the word “neocon” surfaced almost exclusively as a term of abuse. Neocons were for big government and had an unrealistic foreign policy. *TAC* contributing editor Philip Giraldi received polite applause when he eloquently dissented from the Iran war fever that overtook some CPAC participants. After Giraldi finished speaking, a reporter next to me who sat stone-faced through speeches denouncing Jimmy Carter—as if Carter’s failures should dictate Iran policy in 2006—clapped excitedly.

That being said, the majority’s sympathies belonged to the hawks. Ann Coulter, of “invade their countries, kill their leaders, and convert them to Christianity” fame, spoke to an overflow crowd Friday afternoon. The first two rows of seats had to be vacated before she would take the stage—perhaps to deter would-be pie-throwers—and Coulter fans who showed up early impatiently drowned out the preceding panel discussion.

Coulter mused about angry Muslims burning down the Supreme Court with the liberal justices remaining inside and held forth on terrorism. “Our motto should be, raghead talks tough, raghead faces thunderous consequences,” she said cheerfully.

A young Muslim conservative challenged Coulter during the question-and-answer session, begging her not to use epithets like “raghead.” He received substantial applause, but so did Coulter’s rejoinder that Muslims killed 3,000 Americans on 9/11, “So I think that makes us even.”

As the Right prepares to enter its post-Bush phase, it is unclear whose conservatism—the dissidents’ politics of prudence or the more outspoken politics of belligerence—will prevail. But I’ve learned that CPAC can change in 10 years. ■

A Good Woman Found

Flannery O'Connor's Catholicism made her the writer she was.

By Chilton Williamson Jr.

FLANNERY O'CONNOR (1925-1964) has been dead now three years longer than she lived. Only several years ago, she was honored by inclusion in the Library of America series, cheek by jowl with Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mark Twain, and Edith Wharton. (On the other hand, also represented in this American pantheon are nonentities like Dawn Powell and James Agee, as well as the atrocious Philip Roth.) The attention perhaps reflects her status during the 1980s and '90s as the center of a literary cottage industry. A great many of the critics engaged in this enterprise were academics, a large number of these academics women, and a significant percentage of the women left-wing feminist and lesbian activists, hungering to establish Flannery O'Connor as one of their sor-did own. The industry itself now seems rather played out.

O'Connor's letters, edited by the late Sally Fitzgerald, wife of the Harvard classicist Robert Fitzgerald, were published in 1979. At the time of her death in 2000, Mrs. Fitzgerald was at work on a biography of O'Connor—an early and close friend of the Fitzgeralds—a project that may, or may not, see completion one day at the hands of her daughters. In 1979, John Huston made *Wise Blood*, the earlier of O'Connor's two novels, into a film that was well-received at the time but appears to have resided since, for the most part, in a canister on the back of a shelf somewhere in Hollywood.

Reflecting a brief life plagued by illness and invalidism, the O'Connor oeuvre is meager: the two brief novels of

45,000 words or so apiece, a plump collection of short stories, a slim one of essays, and the hefty volume of letters. Whether this amounts to a reputation for the ages remains to be seen, Library of America or no. Not at all in doubt are Flannery O'Connor's genius, the quality of her prophetic vision—at once luminous and penetrating—her originality as an artist, and her importance both to American letters and the distinguished apologetic tradition of her Catholic faith.

The present effort is intended as a ridiculously brief introduction to Flannery O'Connor and her work, in no way as an authoritative statement about either. (Readers interested in something more are referred to the critical work of two O'Connor scholars, Prof. James O. Tate of Dowling College and Loxley F. Nichols of Loyola University.) I was introduced to Flannery O'Connor by my sister, who in the late '70s was living, on the family farm in rural Vermont, a life that was the New England equivalent, more or less, of Miss O'Connor's on her mother's dairy farm near Milledgeville, Georgia. Images of O'Connor in a garden hat delivering basins of feed to surrounding flocks of flapping peafowl, chickens, and snow geese were sufficient to suggest the affinity Jane felt for this woman, while engaging my own sympathies as well. (Birds, like lions, have always appealed to me imaginatively as active supernatural agents, as well as symbols of the Divine.) It was not, however, through the fiction but rather the letters, published as *The Habit of Being: Letters of Flannery*

O'Connor, that I first encountered the work itself. They made an impression unsurpassed in scope and impact by any single work I had read before or have looked into since and with the direct result that, 13 years later, I was received into the Roman Catholic Church. The Catholic faith, so rich in two millennia of apologetics, is nowhere better outlined, suggested, and served than in this marvelous book for the introduction it offers to the nature and workings of the Catholic mind behind the formal pattern and structure of Catholic belief.

"I write the way I do because and only because I am a Catholic," O'Connor concedes to one of her correspondents. "I feel that if I were not a Catholic, I would have no reason to write, no reason to see, no reason to feel horrified or even to enjoy anything. ... I have never had the sense that being a Catholic is a limit to the freedom of the writer, but just the reverse. ... I feel myself that being a Catholic has saved me a couple of thousand years in learning to write."

Certainly the Catholic viewpoint was substantially responsible for O'Connor's uncanny ability to see clearly and to recognize the object of vision for exactly what it was. Her penetrating and unflinching gaze has always been too much for tender-minded readers, who typically deplore the grotesque and violent elements of what have often been described as her "Southern Gothic" stories. "... [H]uman kind," T.S. Eliot wrote, "Cannot bear very much reality." Reality of the starkest kind is O'Connor's stock in trade, and she never hesitates to sling

it like hash at a roadside diner. For her, the modern reality is modern man's denial of, or blindness to, supernatural reality—a condition that betrays him all too often into the most horrific experiences, alternating in about equal measure with the most comedic and slapstick situations. For indeed, comedy is the flipside of terror, the one the reverse face of the other. O'Connor could never be so funny were she not so deadly serious, so amusing if she were less "depressing."

"I believe," she insisted, "that the fiction writer's moral sense must coincide with his dramatic sense." That is the dictum of an eminently strong-minded artist. As such, it does not make for easy reading—or easy writing, either. With the novels especially, Flannery O'Connor was always comparatively slow in composition.

The interpenetration of terror and comedy is produced by the conflation of violence and supernatural intervention in a single "action of grace" that provides the resolution for a typical O'Connor story and rescue in the form of revelation for its protagonist. At such climactic moments, the action is ordinarily horrific enough—Hazel Motes's self-blinding in *Wise Blood*; the death of Mr. Guizac under the tractor wheels in "The Displaced Person"—that the comic element in the equation, having been worked up beforehand, has to be modulated in the crisis to irony, as in the homosexual rape of the boy prophet Tarwater following his fatal baptism of Bishop in *The Violent Bear It Away*. But the Holy Ghost has no better preferred instrument than irony, and so O'Connor's reliance on the ironic as an artistic device demonstrates of itself how close she was, both in sympathy and intuition, to the divine *modus operandi*. (God and Evelyn Waugh, another devout Catholic novelist, demonstrated the same synchronicity of spirit in the Deity's delivering sudden death to the great satirist as

he bestrode his toilet on Easter Sunday and Waugh's receiving it that way.)

The most beautiful Old Testament Book in the Catholic Bible is Ecclesiasticus, or The Wisdom of Sirach. Wisdom comes to us through the Word, on which it is dependent. And nothing in the modern era has been more debased, after the Word as Truth, than words as respected elements in the hitherto honored system called language. As modern men dishonor Truth, so they torture the words intended to convey it. Finding humor in the abuse of language, as of Truth itself, is arguably a perverse pleasure. Yet humor, which is the naughty juxtaposition of inappropriately opposed quantities to comic effect, depends for that effect on the fact of some serious subject being at stake—serious for someone, at any rate. We joke, it has been said, only about the most serious things.

In any event, Flannery O'Connor was hardly one to miss the comedic irony inherent in the Georgia dialect as spoken in her day by white-trash Protestants whose illiteracy was matched only by their devotion to what struck her inevitably as a "do-it-yourself religion" and their contempt for the Romish Church they abhorred as "something foreign." So great was her genuine delight in the rural southern vernacular that, in her letters, she frequently indulges her pitch-perfect ear by assuming a white-cracker persona, as if she were a character in one of her own books. For O'Connor's people, words are purely phonetic, imitative, devoid of roots and therefore of determined meaning, and language as arbitrary an affair as, in a conscious way, it is for deconstructionists. They are as ignorant of the reality of language as they are of the reality language signifies.

Ignorance must be one of two things: either it is comical, or else it is terrible. In *Wise Blood*, when the itinerant preacher of the Church Without Christ,

Hazel Motes, sitting dumbstruck in his stopped car in the middle of the highway to read the legend JESUS SAVES painted on a boulder, asks the furious driver of the waiting truck behind him, "Which direction is the zoo in?" the incredulous fellow replies, "Back around the other way. Did you exscape from there?" Here, the violence done to language is pure fun. By contrast, in the serial killer's antihomily in the presence of the old lady he is about to shoot to death, the metaphysical and syntactical violence both support and reflect one another:

'Jesus was the only One that raised the dead,' The Misfit continued, 'and He shouldn't have done it. If He did what He said, then it's nothing for you to do but throw everything away and follow Him, and if He didn't, then it's nothing for you to do but enjoy the few minutes you got left the best way you can—by killing somebody or burning down his house or doing some other meanness to him. No pleasure but meanness,' he said, and his voice had become almost a snarl.

Again, at other times, abuse of language is a matter of sheer laziness, as when Mr. Shiftlet, in "The Life You Save May Be Your Own," describes himself as having served in the "arm forces"—the linguistic equivalent of the mental and moral sloth that leads to religious unbelief or that carelessness with regard to the Divine Existence Pascal thought to be the mark of a monster.

In O'Connor's fiction, the modern duality of comical-terrible is represented in its most extreme form in the person of the self-assured, self-satisfied, and supposedly self-sufficient modern who believes, as the hypocritical Bible salesman in "Good Country People" boasts, "I know which end is up and I wasn't born yesterday and I know where I'm going!" As a variant of this, we have Mr. Shiftlet

again: "The body, lady, is like a house; it don't go anywhere; but the spirit, lady is like an automobile: always on the move, always..." (Aristotle, who considered metaphor the highest figure of speech, would have been impressed by O'Connor's metaphoric use of the automobile to signify modern man's ludicrously inflated sense of his own autonomy, his capacity for outward control as well as for self-mastery and self-direction.)

Flannery O'Connor believed that her characters were either damned by the end of a story or else they were saved: no one, she felt, could be left somewhere in between. One way or the other, their fate was determined by the manner in which they responded to the action of grace extended to them at the crucial moment. Consequently, when the Divine Mercy strikes in an O'Connor story, it typically visits itself upon just such a smug, self-directed, radically autonomous figure who, if humility and grace are sufficient, is blasted like St. Paul on the road to Damascus and has the scales struck from his eyes. This is the "positive" aspect of O'Connor's work when it manifests itself, as it certainly does not in all of the stories.

Yet the positive for O'Connor is a cold rather than an affective quality, recalling Aquinas's definition, which she liked to quote, of art as "Reason in making." O'Connor herself opined that Hazel Motes, at the end of *Wise Blood*, is "probably saved by the skin of his teeth"—which is not the same thing as saying that the novel has a happy ending. In her imaginative world, happy endings, even when implied, are off the page—and, quite literally, out of this world. To the extent that O'Connor was a pessimist, she was pessimistic in the only sense that befits, and indeed describes, a Christian. "You can't be any poorer than dead," the stranger's voice whispers insinuatingly to Tarwater as he prepares to bury his grandfather. Flannery O'Connor, of course, believed

otherwise. She understood that the world as we know it is passing away and that justice and mercy and joy and the Beatific Vision all belong to the world to come. That was enough for her—and a good thing too for a woman who, as she once wrote, had "never been anywhere but sick," never married, and died of what she

cheerfully described as "a dread disease"—lupus erythematosus—aged 39. ■

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Written by the Losers

Political correctness plays with the past.

By Selwyn Duke

WHILE BEING INTERVIEWED by "60 Minutes" correspondent Mike Wallace recently, movie star Morgan Freeman dismissed Black History Month as "ridiculous" and went on to say, "You're going to relegate my history to a month? I don't want a Black History Month. Black history is American history." He pointed out that there are no white or Jewish history months, and the conviction with which he espoused these views seemed to leave Wallace tongue-tied.

Freeman is correct in his intimation that the proponents of this group history lunacy are treating blacks as a nation unto themselves. We may study Egyptian, Greek, or Chinese history, but we recognize these as separate and discrete civilizations. Likewise, when we shift the focus from American history to black, white, yellow, brown, and red history, the implication is that these groups constitute elements that cannot truly be viewed as part of the fabric of a whole. It is to believe that they are nascent nations within a nation or merely competing factions in a loose federation.

The danger this poses should be obvious. Language, culture, and history bind a nation together and distinguish nations

from each other. We share a continent with Mexico, but we are not one nation with them, chiefly if not solely because of those three factors. Teaching group history sends the message that we are not one people, one nation, but many peoples, currently coexisting within the same borders but always in an uneasy, tenuous union and ever gravitating toward autonomy. The balkanization of history presages the balkanization of America.

As if that weren't bad enough, there's another, equally troubling problem with Black History Month, one that's shared by every other special-interest, group-history scheme. (For example, the National Education Association once voted by a two-to-one margin to make October National Gay and Lesbian History Month.) To wit, it constitutes nothing less than the compiling of history based on quota.

This is the mentality that places obscure figures such as Ida B. Wells and Zitkala-Sa on a list of American heroes, while omitting icons such as Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin. It's why New York City libraries have a youth-oriented biography of Al Sharpton that lauds the hustler as a man who hails from "long tradition of activist ministers like Martin

Luther King Jr.” And it’s what visits upon us politically correct interpretations of history, like the one cited by Terry Graves in *History As She is Wrote*. About the perspective presented in a textbook, Graves says, “All of the American Indians are lumped into one homogeneous culture, all of the Europeans into another, and all Africans into a third, and [the book claims] each of them contributed equally to the present American culture.”

Yes, it’s Chinese-menu history: one from Group A and one from Group B. Check, please.

What is history? Very simply, what happened. It’s not what some academic, media snob, or social activist wishes had happened. It isn’t meant to conform to such people’s sense of fairness or righteousness, and it certainly isn’t there to buttress their cherished agendas. History is to be the teacher of the wise, not the servant of the ambitious.

Moreover, history is neither equitable nor egalitarian, neither palliative nor proportionately representative. It involves great victories and ignominious defeats, astounding accomplishments and indelible failures, and its pages favor the ascendancy of hegemony over the stagnancy of backwaters. Similarly, the color and sex of its prominent faces are determined not by bureaucratic mandate, cultural fashion, or social imperative but by forces that are beyond the grasp of those who see humanity in only two dimensions. It is God’s place to exalt the meek; it is history’s to find the exalted.

And this is precisely why leftists dislike it. Our history is replete with “dead white males” who figure prominently for committing the unpardonable sin of erecting Western civilization. Every signatory to the Declaration of Independence, every drafter of the Constitution, and 99 percent of Renaissance painters were these unfashionable creatures. Furthermore, the bulk of the history that is most relevant to our particular time and place has

been authored, like it or not, by white men. How do you present history without revealing these facts? You can’t. So, if you’re a leftist, you don’t present history.

Instead, shackled with provincial minds infused with radical egalitarianism, leftists cast historicity and meritocracy to the winds as they endeavor to build their brave new world on a brave new past. Whereas historians seek to assign positions in history books based on qualifications, these revisionists exercise a retroactive affirmative action. Non-contenders are given a place in the starting line-up and minor players are placed front-and-center. It’s funhouse-mirror history: the large are made to look smaller, the small are made to look larger, and one often appears a tad misshapen.

The Left responds that everyone has a perspective. They decry the historians of yore as people whose work was colored by irredeemable unconscious biases. And they forge on creating a view of the past born of both unconscious and conscious biases. To them ideology trumps historicity, not the other way around. Moreover, their emphasis on not giving offense to politically favored groups has so overshadowed fact-checking that the bloated tomes they disgorge are as rife with doltish errors as they are with fabrications. This is why modern textbooks can define *jihad* as doing one’s best “to resist temptation and overcome evil” but also inform students that “Napoleon won the battle of Waterloo,” the “Crusades were in progress” in the 7th century, and there are, hold your hat, 53 states in our country. But this is what happens when feelings supersede facts. Feelings, though, mean little. My father was infinitely more important to me than Attila the Hun, but that doesn’t mean he deserves a place in a history text.

Given this sad state of affairs, is it any wonder that in John Stossel’s report “Stupid in America” he affirmed what every other credible study in recent

times has concluded: American students lag well behind their counterparts in a large number of other countries, ranking behind such places as Poland and Korea? Emblematic of the problem was a student in New Jersey who didn’t know what the Bill of Rights was.

How could it be otherwise? Only so much can be taught by teachers and absorbed by students, especially in the undisciplined environment that prevails in modern American schools. Think of what can be taught as a pie; there is room for only so many pieces. Every time schools teach about a counterfeit hero, an authentic one is being supplanted. Each time a modest accomplishment is magnified, a magnificent one must fall by the wayside. Students don’t know about the Bill of Rights because social engineers have been selling them a bill of goods.

And don’t hold your breath waiting for the educational establishment to render this diagnosis. They are the problem, and these physicians will not heal themselves. Thus we will hear them prattle on, offering the same platitudinous prescriptions we have heard for decades. There will be talk of how they need the billions more dollars, the better technology and smaller class sizes they didn’t have when education was far superior. Such are the desperate attempts at justification by people stuck in an ideological straightjacket of their own design.

As long as we allow social engineers to be the custodians of the past, they will persist in placing history in the service of ideology, thereby doing history a disservice. We must purge them from positions from which they can write history, or history will continue to be purged and rewritten. Until and unless we do that, one conclusion about cultural integrity and quality education in America is inescapable: it’s history. ■

Selwyn Duke writes from New York.

Missing the Target

Deterrence, not nonproliferation, is the way to deal with would-be nuclear Iran.

By Charles V. Peña

ACCORDING TO President Bush, “the nations of the world must not permit the Iranian regime to gain nuclear weapons.” Testifying before the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, Director of National Intelligence John Negroponte said, “Iranian conventional military power constitutes the greatest threat to Persian Gulf states and a challenge to U.S. interests,” “Iran continues to support a number of terrorist groups,” has “conducted a clandestine uranium enrichment program for nearly two decades,” and “seeks nuclear weapons.” And according to Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, Iran is “the world’s leading state sponsor of terrorism” and “the world does not want, and must work together to prevent, a nuclear Iran.”

If it all sounds eerily like the rhetoric leading up to the war in Iraq, it’s because the logic is exactly the same and demonstrates the problem with current nonproliferation thinking. If a nonproliferation regime is failing, the use of force may be necessary; otherwise it is a hollow threat. But if there is no consensus on or an aversion to the use of force, for whatever reasons, then the only recourse is to redouble nonproliferation efforts. But if the previous efforts have already failed, why would simply trying harder be any more effective? Furthermore, if renewed efforts fail, then the only option left is military action, which was previously unacceptable; and so on, *ad infinitum*.

In the case of Iraq, the Bush administration argued that United Nations Monitoring, Verification, and Inspection Commission (UNMOVIC) efforts had failed to prevent Saddam Hussein from acquiring weapons of mass destruction, including the possibility of a nuclear weapon—the now infamous nonexistent smoking gun in the form of a mushroom cloud. The allegation was not based on any discovery of WMD but on the presumption that the Iraqi regime was engaged in an elaborate deception to prevent UN weapons inspectors from finding WMD. The administration’s argument rested on not being able to prove a negative: just because WMD could not be found does not mean they did not exist. Unable to accept the risk of failed nonproliferation, the Bush administration decided that the only alternative was military action.

Much of the arms-control and nonproliferation community, on the other hand, strongly disagreed. Most felt that the inability to find any WMD meant that inspections were indeed working, and if there were any problems, they could be remedied by strengthening the inspection regime. But if the nonproliferation regime was, in fact, failing, this is akin to a definition for insanity: continuing to do the same thing but expecting different results. Moreover, the arms-control and nonproliferation community could not disagree with the Bush administration’s assertion that Iraq’s possession of WMD was a threat that required a response because to disagree would

have meant admitting proliferation was an acceptable outcome. Instead, they were left to disagree about the evidence that Iraq was in violation of UN Security Council resolutions and the appropriate response.

Unlike Iraq, however, the case against Iran is much stronger—especially with the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) concluding that Iran obtained documents on the nuclear black market that serve no other purpose than to build a nuclear weapon. And unlike Iraq, there is more consensus about the need to take action against Iran. The United States has more international consensus—including agreement from all five permanent members, as well as 27 other nations, on the 35-nation IAEA board—as well as domestic consensus. A *Los Angeles Times* poll showed that 57 percent of Americans favor military intervention against Iran to stop its nuclear program. But is the use of military force—even limited strikes against Iran’s suspected nuclear facilities—the only answer?

In a word: no. Just as the question never should have been whether Iraq had WMD, a contention that presumed that if Iraq did then it was a threat, the fundamental issue is whether a nuclear-armed Iran, however undesirable, represents a threat to the United States that cannot be deterred. In other words, the imperative is national security not nonproliferation.

Some would argue that a rogue regime like Iran is irrational and unpre-

dictable and thus undeterrable. But over the years, the United States deterred Joseph Stalin, Nikita Khrushchev, Leonid Brezhnev, and Mao Zedong, so it cannot be that the leaders of rogue states such as Iran and North Korea are more brutal than America's previous adversaries. Likewise, a credible case cannot be made that Kim Jong-Il or the so-called mad mullahs in Tehran are more erratic and unpredictable than the tyrants the United States deterred in the past. Stalin epitomized paranoia, and Mao was the architect of China's utterly bizarre Cultural Revolution in the late 1960s and early 1970s—at the very time that China was acquiring a nuclear-weapons capability.

The reality is that even if Iran is able to build a few weapons in the near future, the mullahs in Tehran have a return address and—unless they are suicidal—can no more ignore the reality of deterrence and the vast U.S. strategic nuclear arsenal than could the Soviet Union before or China and North Korea now. As a result, the pertinent conclusion is that if deterrence works, not only is it an argument against the necessity of using military force but it is also an argument against an imperative for a successful nonproliferation regime. This is not to say that a nonproliferation mechanism is undesirable, just that it may not be necessary as an imperative of national security.

Unfortunately, the debate about Iran's nuclear program—and nuclear proliferation in general—has been framed in binary terms: on or off, black or white. For nonproliferation efforts and policy, success is defined as the absolute prevention of a country such as Iran from acquiring nuclear weapons. Failure is, by definition, the flipside of the coin. But if failure can't be tolerated, the result is a "hope against experience" effort to convince countries such as India and Pakistan to sign on to the Nuclear Non-

proliferation Treaty (NPT) and give up their nuclear capabilities. Yet there is some evidence that nuclear weapons have actually had a stabilizing effect on Indian-Pakistani relations, which runs counter to nonproliferation expectations. For example, does the fact that both India and Pakistan have nuclear weapons prevent violence related to the Kashmir dispute from erupting into war between the two countries?

Moreover, the NPT is a false bargain because it promises that the five original nuclear-weapons states—the United States, Russia, the United Kingdom, France, and China—will disarm in return for all the non-nuclear powers not developing nuclear weapons. But this is wishful thinking. Why should non-

only reliable deterrent—against preemptive regime change is to have nuclear weapons.

Instead of a binary success-or-failure paradigm, a more pragmatic arms-control and nonproliferation approach would be to admit the possibility of failure and view success in terms of creating incentives and disincentives that limit the size and scope of a country's nuclear-weapons program and arsenal so that it is not a direct threat to the United States. Although this is a less than perfect solution, U.S. security would be better served by acknowledging reality and making the best of that reality rather than embarking on a quixotic quest for perfection that is not likely to be obtained.

A CREDIBLE CASE CANNOT BE MADE THAT KIM JONG-IL OR THE SO-CALLED MAD MULLAHS IN TEHRAN ARE MORE ERRATIC AND UNPREDICTABLE THAN THE TYRANTS THE UNITED STATES DETERRED IN THE PAST.

nuclear countries—especially those that feel threatened by the possibility of U.S. military intervention, now including preemptive attack to forestall threats that have not yet materialized—forego pursuing a capability they don't have in exchange for the nuclear-armed powers' promise to give up a capability they already have?

It is also important to recognize that interventionist American foreign policy—since the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989, the United States has engaged in nine major military operations—has created a strong incentive for countries to acquire nuclear weapons as perhaps the only way to stave off possible U.S. military action. A country such as Iran cannot possibly hope to match the conventional military capabilities of the world's superpower. Therefore, the most reliable deterrent—maybe the

Perhaps the most important lesson from Iraq is that preventing proliferation *per se* is not the most important U.S. security concern—which is not to say that proliferation is a good thing or should be encouraged. Rather, the most important U.S. security concern related to nuclear weapons is the potential for transfer of such weapons—or materials and technology—to terrorist groups that are undeterrable. Therefore, the single most important criterion to assess the potential dangers of proliferation must be the possibility of nuclear terrorism.

If we are willing to shed the conventional wisdom that preventing the proliferation of nuclear weapons to countries *ipso facto* prevents the transfer of weapons to terrorists, what become the criteria, then, for determining whether a nuclear-armed state is also a terrorist

risk? Does having known ties to terrorist groups automatically make a country an unacceptable risk? Does it matter what terrorist groups a government is linked to? Even if a particular regime is considered a state sponsor of terrorism, does that necessarily mean that the regime would provide nuclear weapons to terrorists? What are the incentives and disincentives for any country to give nuclear weapons to terrorists?

These are hard questions, and there are no easy answers. But this is no different from during the Cold War, when the wizards of Armageddon thought about the unthinkable: nuclear war with the Soviet Union. The current situation with Iran also requires thinking about the unthinkable—in this case, the possibility of a nuclear-armed fundamentalist Islamic state. While seeking to prevent this possible outcome, the United States must also be prepared for its eventuality.

If we stick to the status quo, zero-tolerance approach to nuclear proliferation, we must resign ourselves to following much the same path we went down in Iraq. But *déjà vu* in Iran would be an even bigger mistake than invading Iraq. Attacking another Muslim country would only reinforce the claim that the U.S. war on terrorism is a wider war against the Muslim world. And while the Iranians would unlikely be able to retaliate militarily, they could choose to use their ties to terrorist groups as a response. Worse yet, the result could be to push the terrorist groups that Iran supports into an alliance with al-Qaeda and other radical Islamic groups against a common enemy: the United States. ■

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Reports of major convulsions at the CIA are finding their way into the media.

The most recent senior-level casualty of the continuous bloodletting that has taken place over the past year is Robert Grenier, chief of the agency's Counter Terrorism Center (CTC). Grenier, a former agency chief in Pakistan, was asked to step down by CIA Director Porter Goss early in February. The unpopular Goss and his Myrmidons, sometimes referred to at CIA headquarters as the Gosslings or the Hitler-lites, have been circulating an anonymously sourced spin account of why Grenier had to go, in an all-too-characteristic attempt to strip him of his reputation as well as his job. It is alleged that he was "not sufficiently aggressive" and was a risk-averse bureaucrat who worked bankers' hours in his previous overseas tours. Grenier is, in fact, an accomplished and dedicated field officer who was a major player in the operation that brought the Taliban down in late 2001. His actual failing in the eyes of Director Goss is that he was opposed to the policy of secret prisons to stash terrorist suspects snatched under the rendition program, which he had also criticized. He also opposed the use of waterboarding as an interrogation technique. Another officer who will perforce have a higher comfort level with the White House policies and with Director Goss will replace Grenier. Some critics within the intelligence community are speculating that the final steps in the complete politicization of CIA are underway.



The undersecretary of state for public diplomacy, Karen Hughes, is extremely frustrated by the lack of success

at "getting the message out" to predominantly Muslim countries about all the good things that the U.S. is doing. Her own trips abroad, dubbed listening tours, were carefully staged encounters with local Muslim groups, many of them women. She was surprised by the intensity of criticism of U.S. policies that she heard from organizations that were actually funded or otherwise supported by American embassies. Hughes, not greatly given to introspection or critical analysis, has decided that the fault lies with the overseas embassies themselves, not the message, and has issued a series of memos condemning their passivity in promoting a positive American agenda. She has followed up on the memos with the recent dispatch of several of her senior staff to visit the embassies, with the stated objective of "shaking them up" in advance of her own impending return trip to the region. She has instructed the embassies quickly to set up and implement information programs that she considers satisfactory or there will be changes in personnel starting at the top, to include ambassadors. Hughes has the backing of both Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice and President George W. Bush and intends to force some senior staff changes to make the point that she is serious. Embassies under pressure are mostly in the Arab world. Career diplomatic staff are reportedly lukewarm about democracy promotion and other themes being embraced by the administration because they consider them counterproductive—witness recent victories of Islamic parties in Palestine, Iraq, and Egypt.

Philip Giraldi, a former CIA Officer, is a partner in Cannistraro Associates.

Role Reversal

Arnold Schwarzenegger rode into Sacramento promising conservative reforms, but once there he veered sharply left.

By Steven Greenhut

CALIFORNIA REPUBLICANS don't know what to do about their governor, former action hero Arnold Schwarzenegger. A few months ago he was a reform-minded crusader, rallying the state to back a series of conservative-oriented ballot-box reforms to cut down public-sector union power, rein in government spending, break up the gerrymandered electoral districts, and root out incompetent teachers.

He had racked up a few credible victories since his inauguration in 2003, namely reform of the state's trial-lawyer-dominated workers-compensation system, rollback of the hated car tax, and repeal of a bill to give illegal immigrants driver's licenses.

The governor still looks the same, and he still talks the same—about his beloved Cally-fawn-eya—but he is advancing much different policies these days.

For instance, the new and not-so-improved Governor Schwarzenegger is advocating a large increase in the state's minimum wage. He is proposing massive amounts of new government spending, with \$68 billion in bonds at the foundation of his plan. His new budget is a spend-a-thon. And the governor is appointing nearly as many Democratic judges as Republican.

His new chief of staff, Susan Kennedy, is the former executive director of the state Democratic Party and the California Abortion Rights Action League, which

has left Republican legislators and strategists wondering what they can say about campaign strategy in her presence.

Three months ago, Governor Schwarzenegger railed against teachers unions, which he said put their members' interests above the interests of the state's children. Today, the governor is talking about the need to hike spending on the current system without making reforms, a system that already grabs more than 40 percent of a \$100 billion general-fund budget. And he won't stop apologizing to the unions and their leaders.

Republican leaders and activists are confused, but I've got it all figured out. The reason, of course, is that I'm an aficionado of Schwarzenegger's movies, especially the science-fiction ones, and most Republicans in this state didn't pay much mind to the guy until he announced he was running for governor during the 2003 recall election.

Three years prior to that political entry, Schwarzenegger had released the movie "The 6th Day." In it, he plays helicopter pilot Adam Gibson, whose life is turned upside down when mad scientists make a clone of him and then set out to kill the actual Adam. The reasons are murky, but rest assured, the real Adam survives attempts on his life and saves the day. We all learn that clones may resemble the original, but they can have their own personalities and make their own decisions.

My conclusion is that "The 6th Day" plot has come to life here, except that the mad scientists actually have gotten rid of the original Arnold and replaced him with a look-alike who just happens to believe opposite things from what the original believed. That has to be it, given the quick turnaround in governing philosophy—because the other, more serious explanation is too hard to accept.

Namely, that Schwarzenegger never had any principles to begin with, and that his one goal has not been to save the state from self-inflicted financial misery but to champion Arnold. Originally, the governor followed one set of ideas advanced by advisers—mostly allies of former Republican Gov. Pete Wilson. Then after the November special election, in which every one of the initiatives he had backed was defeated by California voters, Governor Schwarzenegger started listening to a whole new set of advisers, including a chief of staff who was a former cabinet official for disgraced Gov. Gray Davis.

Whatever keeps him popular. That seems to be the governing logic. These new liberal advisers are telling him to go left, to embrace more regulations and the usual liberal program. There's even talk of him pushing the one thing no Republican in California can push: new taxes.

Before his election, the Governor used to talk about Milton Friedman and

express disgust of European-style socialism. At the 2004 Republican National Convention in New York, Schwarzenegger pulled out rhetoric he used many times as he ran for governor: "If you believe that government should be accountable to the people, not the people to the government, then you are a Republican. If you believe a person should be treated as an individual, not as a member of an interest group, then you are a Republican. If you believe your family knows how to spend your money better than the government does, then you are a Republican..."

Echoing state Sen. Tom McClintock, his opponent in the recall election and the conscience of conservatism in the state, the governor repeatedly said before the special election that the state does not have a revenue problem but a spending problem. Last year the governor vetoed every one of the noxious bills on the state Chamber of Commerce's job-killer list.

Schwarzenegger had his squishy moments, of course. He supported bonds rather than strict spending cuts two years ago and backed away from pension reform after Democrats accused him of cutting benefits to police widows. But his instincts seemed good, or at least good enough to Republicans, who viewed him as their last, best hope.

Fast forward to the present. In the State of the State speech in January, two months after the disastrous special election, the governor boasted about making "unequalled investments in education—a record of 50 billion dollars this year. And we made our schools healthier by becoming the only state in the union to ban sodas and junk food from our schools. We set some of the most aggressive targets in the world in energy efficiency and reducing greenhouse gases..."

Then he announced his massive spending plan. "Think of California as a

mutual fund—in particular a growth fund. Why do we invest in a growth fund? Because we believe in the economic future. So I ask each of you ... do you believe in California's economic future? Well then we must invest in it. If we do not invest in ourselves, how can we expect others to invest in us?"

Assembly Speaker Fabian Núñez, a liberal Democrat, was effusive: "In terms of the speech he gave ... it was taken right out of the Democratic platform, and I can only applaud that."

This must be one of the most unusual developments in modern politics: a shift in partisan control of the governorship without changing the actual governor. The ramifications are still being sorted out.

The Republican convention in San Jose in late February should be a doozy. Conservatives proposed five resolutions to be considered by party

threatening to stay home come re-election time. Perhaps this isn't much of a threat in state where Democrats outnumber Republicans by 1.4 million votes. Democrats, loony as ever, are likely to nominate one of two unimpressive gubernatorial candidates—the far-Left Treasurer Phil Angelides or dotcom boomer Steve Westly, an unremarkable and unknown mainstream liberal who now serves as state controller.

So Schwarzenegger, or at least the cloned version of him, is still the odds-on favorite to win another term. But to what end?

To recall, in 2003 California voters did something nearly unprecedented. The state faced \$20-billion-plus deficits after Davis locked in permanent spending programs based on onetime income tax and capital-gains tax revenues. When revenues fell, the state was stuck with the higher spending and voila—a crisis.

THIS MUST BE ONE OF THE **MOST UNUSUAL DEVELOPMENTS** IN MODERN POLITICS: **A SHIFT IN PARTISAN CONTROL OF THE GOVERNORSHIP** WITHOUT CHANGING THE ACTUAL GOVERNOR. **THE RAMIFICATIONS ARE STILL BEING SORTED OUT.**

delegates. One would have had the party withdraw its endorsement of the governor, citing the Kennedy appointment. The state GOP has since backed off, but the suggestion of such a proposal in the world of loyalty-based Republican politics speaks volumes. Other proposals oppose the governor's stance on the minimum wage, call for boosting infrastructure spending without raising debt spending, urge a balanced budget, and demand that the governor start appointing more Republican judges, according to an *Orange County Register* report.

Activists have created a Stop Susan Kennedy website, and the grassroots are

Davis was elected as a centrist, but then tacked hard to the left when he faced the burgeoning recall movement, giving unions everything they wanted, including massive pension spikes that have set the stage for current budget problems. He mishandled the state's electricity crisis, failing to act decisively after a poorly designed deregulation plan led to rolling blackouts. He tripled the car tax.

He wasn't to blame for all the state's financial problems, but Davis—whose personality resembled his first name—was a dull technocrat and former chief of staff for Gov. Jerry "Moonbeam" Brown. Davis's incessant fundraising

and allegations of pay-for-play honed his image as poster child for everything that was wrong with the state.

Most conservatives preferred McClintock, but feared that if they supported him, Democratic Lt. Gov. Cruz Bustamante, who refused to disavow his former membership in a Mexican separatist group, would win the free-for-all election, which included 135 candidates ranging from the weird (actor Gary Coleman) to the scary (*Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt). Schwarzenegger won, of course, and did a serviceable job until the November special election.

During the thick of that race, even McClintock was singing the governor's praises, telling our editorial board that Schwarzenegger was one of the most functionally conservative and gutsy governors he's watched in action. There was a sense that, even if defeated, Schwarzenegger was at least targeting the right villains (the voracious public sector) and identifying crucial long-term reforms (pensions, workers compensation, overspending).

Now no one knows what to think. It's one thing to change tactics after a loss, another thing to embrace a different platform. Schwarzenegger's current supporters argue that the Terminator has always been a centrist and that he is coming home to his roots. But it's one thing to be hard-headed on fiscal issues and soft on the social stuff—a must, it seems, in socially left California—but quite another to be soft on the fiscal stuff too, as he is now.

Whether Schwarzenegger was cloned or not, those Republicans who warned us that supporting an untested actor would lead to the squandering of an historic chance to refashion the state had it right. ■

Steven Greenhut is senior editorial writer and columnist for the Orange County Register.

Thou Shalt Not Speak Ill of Bush

A Republican loyalist is fired for sticking to principle.

By Bruce Bartlett

ON FEB. 21, Doubleday will publish the book that cost me my job: *Impostor: How George W. Bush Bankrupted America and Betrayed the Reagan Legacy*.

The germination began when I heard about the extraordinary efforts made by the White House to ram the Medicare drug benefit through the House of Representatives during the night. Until that point, I had given President Bush the benefit of the doubt—even on things with which I was uncomfortable. For example, I had reluctantly concluded the Iraq War was justified on the basis of what I knew at the time it began.

I don't normally write about foreign policy, but I felt that I had an obligation as a "public intellectual" to render a judgment before the war. It would have been too easy to wait and see what happened and then choose the popular side afterwards.

I still don't know what information the White House had about WMD, and I don't believe that President Bush knowingly falsified data to undertake a war he had already decided upon for other reasons. But I am dismayed that the White House subsequently claimed that WMD were only a secondary reason for the war and that liberating the Iraqi people was the primary aim.

Knowing what I know now, I would not have supported the war. But sometimes leaders must take action based on

incomplete and inconclusive evidence. Where I really fault the White House is on its extreme reluctance to admit error and for inadequately preparing for the postwar operation. A willingness to admit honest error has always seemed to me to be a hallmark of great leadership. Sadly, this White House failed that test.

As someone primarily concerned with economic policy, enactment of the Medicare drug benefit hit me the way the failure to find WMD hit supporters of the war, especially on the Left, or the way Harriet Miers's nomination affected judicial conservatives. This is going to cost taxpayers trillions upon trillions of dollars and will eventually lead to massively higher taxes, while doing little to improve the health of those who will benefit from the program or the political fortunes of the Republican Party, which sold its soul just to buy one lousy election.

In the months leading up to a vote, I thought the White House was playing a game of appearing to support a popular but substantively awful program by proclaiming support for it publicly while doing nothing to overcome the differences between the House and Senate versions of the bill. Bush could look like the good guy and blame Congress for the failure to enact the legislation. The proof for this proposition was repeated White House statements that Bush would sign any drug bill no matter what was in it. This position seemed so

patently irresponsible that I had to believe that this was all part of a secret plan to kill it.

Consequently, the enormous White House effort to threaten, cajole, and even bribe House members to get the last votes for passage was a slap in the face. I suddenly realized that the White House did want this bill to pass and was not just playing some clever political game designed by Karl Rove, and I concluded that George W. Bush is no conservative.

I found myself increasingly alienated from President Bush and the whole Republican establishment. I didn't become a Republican to create new entitlement programs and hugely expand the size of government. That's what Democrats do.

I shared my concerns with Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Ron Suskind, author of the bestselling book *The Price of Loyalty*. After I wrote a favorable column about Suskind's book, he called me and we began talking about what makes George W. Bush tick. Where does he get his ideas, we wondered, and how is it that he has such absolute certainty about the rightness of his decisions when he seemingly devotes little time to study or analysis? And why does he stick to those decisions regardless of results?

In the course of my conversations with Suskind, I threw out a lot of ideas as speculation. He wrote some of them up in an article for the *New York Times Magazine* on Oct. 17, 2004:

Bruce Bartlett, a domestic policy adviser to Ronald Reagan and a treasury official for the first President Bush, told me recently that 'if Bush wins, there will be a civil war in the Republican Party starting on Nov. 3.' The nature of that conflict, as Bartlett sees it? Essentially, the same as the one raging across

much of the world: a battle between modernists and fundamentalists, pragmatists and true believers, reason and religion.

'Just in the last few months,' Bartlett said, 'I think a light has gone off for people who've spent time up close to Bush: that this instinct he's always talking about is this sort of weird, Messianic idea of what he thinks God has told him to do.' Bartlett, a 53-year-old columnist and self-described libertarian Republican who has lately been a champion for traditional Republicans concerned about Bush's governance, went on to say: 'This is why George W. Bush is so clear-eyed about Al Qaeda and the Islamic fundamentalist enemy. He believes you have to kill them all. They can't be persuaded, that they're extremists, driven by a dark vision. He understands them, because he's just like them ...

'This is why he dispenses with people who confront him with inconvenient facts,' Bartlett went on to say. 'He truly believes he's on a mission from God. Absolute faith like that overwhelms a need for analysis. The whole thing about faith is to believe things for which there is no empirical evidence.' Bartlett paused, then said, 'But you can't run the world on faith.'

If I had known that Ron was going to quote me, I would have been more guarded and explained myself more clearly. For example, I meant my statement about Bush and al-Qaeda as a compliment. I am not a religious person and don't pretend to understand why anyone would be motivated to kill another person over religious differences. But it is clearly the case that some misguided Muslims do hate the American people,

and their hatred is motivated by deep religious faith. I think it is helpful to have a leader whose own deep faith helps him understand our enemies.

As for a civil war in the Republican Party, I was thinking less about a war between faith and reason than the simple fact that once past the election, the race for 2008 would start almost immediately. I also thought that conservatives like myself, long concerned about Bush's big-government policies, would no longer have any reason to hold their tongues and would become more outspoken in their criticism.

Unfortunately, I was given no opportunity to explain myself. My boss at the National Center for Policy Analysis, the conservative think tank where I worked, told me that Karl Rove had called him to complain about the article, and I was forbidden from writing anything or giving any interviews that might have blunted its political impact.

Like most conservative Republicans, I muted my public criticism of President Bush during the election season. As bad as he was, I feared that Kerry would be even worse. Had Kerry run as if he would return to the moderate liberalism and budgetary policies of Bill Clinton, he would have strongly tempted me and many other conservatives. Instead, he ran to the left and gave us no choice but to vote for Bush as the lesser of evils.

I began my book after the election as a general history of economic policy during the Bush administration. Although I had been critical of Bush in my syndicated column, especially after passage of the drug bill, I was overwhelmingly supportive during his first three years. And during the election, I wrote many columns criticizing Kerry's proposals.

But it was harder and harder for me to contain my growing frustration with Bush, which spilled out in places like Suskind's article. This created tensions between me and my Dallas-based

employer. I was repeatedly warned that every time I criticized President Bush—even if it was for violating the very principles for which the organization existed—I was losing contributions among Bush’s supporters, who represented a large part of the organization’s fundraising base.

In a meeting with the chairman and president of the organization, I was told that if I continued to criticize the president, I would be fired. At no time did anyone connected with the organization ever tell me that my substantive analysis was wrong. Nor had anyone ever warned me against criticizing Bill Clinton. It was solely a matter of appearances and fundraising, they said.

As I researched, it became increasingly clear to me that I was going to have a hard time finding anything good to say about Bush’s economic policy. Even his tax cuts, which I had supported totally at the time, seemed much less effective

fired without severance after 10 years of service.

Said *New York Times* columnist David Brooks about this incident, “In an era when many commentators write whatever will affirm the prejudices of their own team, Bartlett follows his conscience and has paid a price. He was fired by his conservative think tank for being critical of President Bush.”

I have no reason to believe that the White House had anything to do with this. Bush’s supporters in Dallas didn’t need to be told by anyone in Washington what to do. They probably informed my employer that further donations would not be forthcoming as long as I was on the payroll. My boss told me that my dismissal was a business decision related to lost contributions.

It took longer than I thought it would, but the Republican civil war that I predicted finally erupted with the nomination of Harriet Miers. For many conser-

But these conservatives thought that the war on terror and the opportunity to get judicial conservatives on the courts trumped. However, continuing problems in Iraq together with growing reports that the evidence of WMD was weak or nonexistent before the war weighed heavily on even the most hawkish conservatives.

When Bush nominated a woefully unqualified crony to the most important of all court appointments, conservative doubts about Bush that had been held in check by 9/11, the war, and the election suddenly exploded. Virtually the entire conservative intelligentsia turned against Bush overnight. The White House foolishly fed this revolt by attacking conservative critics for elitism and sexism. Bush would have been in far worse shape politically if the conservative wing of the Republican Party had a leader who could articulate a respectful critique.

Although I lost my job for writing a book critical of George W. Bush, I have no regrets. Sometimes you just have to say the emperor isn’t wearing any clothes. My loyalty to my country and my party supersede whatever loyalty I may have to my president. As someone once said, facts are hard things.

I think it better for all loyal Republicans to face these facts now, no matter how painful they may be. Denouncing Bush’s conservative critics or firing them from allegedly conservative organizations won’t make those facts go away. Refusing to address them and circling the wagons against even the friendliest of critics only erodes the Republican Party’s base, setting it up for defeat in 2008. Better to have a debate now, when there is still time to change course. ■

Bruce Bartlett is a former fellow with the National Center for Policy Analysis who served in the Reagan and George H.W. Bush Treasury Departments.

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with the benefit of hindsight. And contrary to the experience of the 1980s, tax cuts and growing deficits had no limiting effect on congressional spending, which shot through the roof without any White House restraint.

I knew this would create problems, but I thought that if conservatives simply read my argument, analysis, and supporting documentation, they would have no choice but to accept my conclusion that George W. Bush isn’t one of us.

In retrospect, I was naïve in thinking that facts and analysis had much chance against money and misguided loyalty to friends and party. After giving the completed manuscript to my boss, I was

vatives, this was the final straw—as the drug bill had been for me. Belatedly, they, too, came around to the conclusion that Bush’s abrogation of conservative principles had gone too far, and they turned on him with surprising vehemence.

I think many conservatives knew as well as I did that Bush is no conservative. While the tax cuts were supported by most of them, they also knew that Bush allowed spending to explode and that this would eventually lead to tax increases. Others were disturbed by Bush’s signing of an unconstitutional campaign-finance bill, the growth of government regulation, and failure to do anything about illegal immigration.

War Without End

THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT and White House have decided that the United States now conducts “the Long War” rather than what previously was known as the War on Terror, then as the Struggle Against Violent Extremism, and briefly—as one revealing Pentagon study described it—a war against “the Universal Adversary.”

President George W. Bush said in his State of the Union message last month that the aim of his administration is to defeat radical Islam. This was a preposterous statement, made shortly before radical Islam began wrecking and burning embassies from Afghanistan and Indonesia to Damascus and Beirut. The United States is not going to defeat that.

There are a great many dismaying aspects of President Bush’s Washington, but nothing more so than this combination of the unachievable with the hortatory in giving a name and purpose to the military campaigns that already have the Army near exhaustion and a major part of the world in turmoil.

It is customary, politically desirable, and morally indispensable to say seriously what a war is about, if only so the public will know when it is over and when the declared and undeclared measures of exception that have accompanied it, justifying suspension of civil liberties, illegal practices, and defiance of international law and convention, will be lifted and the killing may be expected to stop.

What originally was to be a matter of quick and exemplary revenge, with lightning attacks and acclaimed victories, has now become the long war whose end cannot be foreseen. The citizen is told to expect the current suspension of constitutional norms, disregard for justice, and defiance of presidential power limits as traditionally construed to con-

tinue indefinitely. We are in a new age, America’s leaders say. The Democratic opposition seems to agree.

What started as the war against terror, proclaimed in the aftermath of the 2001 attacks, has undergone a metamorphosis. The initial interpretation was that the people responsible for the World Trade Center attacks and other terrorist outrages against Americans and their interests would be discovered, defeated, and probably killed, or less likely, brought to justice.

Surely that is what most Americans thought when the search was launched for Osama bin Laden and members of al-Qaeda. These previously unknown members of a marginal and sectarian band of politico-religious zealots were made into international celebrity-outlaws, together with their more recent successor, Abu Musab Al-Zarqawi—the latest to go on international television to defy and ridicule George W. Bush. The idea was that these men would be tracked down and dealt with, even if two countries had to be wrecked to do it—at a cost to the latter’s unwitting citizens the Pentagon prefers not to calculate.

Today Osama bin Laden and Mullah Omar are somewhere in Waziristan, tracked by the CIA and Pakistani soldiers with different degrees of enthusiasm. There is an insurrection in Iraq, which had nothing to do with al-Qaeda when it started, but from which al-Qaeda and Zarqawi now draw global publicity.

Elsewhere, violent and alienated members of the Muslim diaspora in Europe claim the brand-identification of al-Qaeda to dramatize their own exploits, as do discontented sons of Middle Eastern elites.

Yet even if you include the 9/11 casualties, the number of Americans killed by international terrorists since the late

1960s, which is when the U.S. State Department began its accounting, is about the same as that killed by lightning or by accident-causing deer or by severe allergic reactions to peanuts.

“In almost all years, the total number of people worldwide who die at the hands of international terrorists is not much more than the number who drown in bathtubs in the United States.” I quote John Mueller of Ohio State University, writing in last autumn’s issue of the authoritative American journal *Terrorism and Political Violence*. As Mueller concedes, there is a definitional issue. Few insurgents in Iraq are international; most are homegrown. If aspirant terrorists in London or Paris had nuclear bombs, the numbers would become different.

Nonetheless, a phenomenon that is scattered, limited, under control, and inevitably transient has been conflated by Washington and in international discussion with something that is huge and very serious: the upheaval that results from the desperation that exists among the Muslim masses and is directed indiscriminately against the Western nations, held responsible for Islamic society’s backwardness, poverty, and exploitation.

Al-Qaeda and individual international terrorists are the object of worldwide intelligence and police operations. They are a marginal phenomenon. The Bush administration’s conflation of them with the social upheaval in their world is exploited to perpetuate changes that provide a much more sinister threat to democracy than anything ever dreamed by Osama bin Laden. The radical threat to the U.S. is at home. ■

William Pfaff writes from Paris. Copyright the International Herald Tribune.

Arts & Letters

FILM

[*Something New*]

Guess Who's Coming to Landscape?

By Steve Sailer

DURING AN ACADEMY AWARDS season when we're pestered to pretend we admire liberal fantasies like "Brokeback Mountain"—in which he-man Heath Ledger plays the straightest gay ever—it's refreshing that the unheralded "Something New" honestly explores a genuine social issue—the dire marital prospects of the upper-middle-class black woman—with insight and no political axes to grind.

"Something New" is burdened with perhaps the most forgettable title since the straight-to-landfill 1979 Joe Mantegna film "To Be Announced," yet it proves one of the more acutely observed romantic comedies of recent years. It's not exceptionally funny, but as a lively social study, "Something New" is a small but worthy addition to the genre pioneered by Jane Austen.

Kenya McQueen is an offspring of the traditional black high bourgeoisie, that reclusive and starchy class from which Condoleezza Rice emerged. Armed with a Stanford law degree and a Wharton MBA, she's up for partner at a corporate law firm and has just bought a house in Baldwin Hills, the black Beverly Hills. All she's missing is a backyard garden to

relax in during her few hours away from the office ... and a boyfriend.

Like so many affluent black women today, she can't find a black man of comparable status. At Harvard Law School, for instance, black women now outnumber black men three to one. Moreover, according to the 2000 census, black men are 2.65 times more likely to have a white wife than a black woman is to have a white husband. Because interracial marriage skims off so many of the most eligible black bachelors, African-American women—like Asian-American men, who face a mirror-image dating disparity—have become increasingly opposed to intermarriage.

Kenya's brittle attitude doesn't help her search either. Every time she's out with her girlfriends—also educated, attractive, and unattached—she ends up itemizing what they call The List of the seven not-so-minor prerequisites she demands in a man.

My 1997 article "Is Love Colorblind?" was the first look at the frustrations that interracial marriage causes both black women and Asian men. In response, I've received over the years several hundred e-mails, often quite eloquent, from women like Kenya offering their own views and experiences. The film's portrayal of the heroine rang true.

The script by Kriss Turner, a black woman who writes for Chris Rock's sitcom, is also admirable for how it handles the career subplot. Making partner depends upon how well she handles a major client's CEO, who is paying for a *pro forma* "due diligence" analysis of an acquisition he passionately wants to make. Most movies would concoct a bogus "social conscience" plot twist for the heroine to wrestle with, such as her shocking discovery that the target firm clubs baby seals. Instead, "Something

New" offers a realistic problem, the kind of test of personal integrity that happens far more often in business: Kenya unearths evidence that the target firm would be a disastrous investment, but that's the last thing her client wants to hear.

Meanwhile, a friend sets her up on a blind date to meet a Brian at the Magic Johnson Starbucks. Brian turns out to be handsome, witty, and laidback. He is, however, very white. (He's portrayed by Simon Baker, yet another Australian leading man who can do a perfect American accent.) Adding to her discomfort, he can read her emotions. He knows she's racially prejudiced, while he's not, and he is rather amused by her predicament. So she ducks out after five tense minutes.

But when Kenya asks an acquaintance about finding a landscape contractor, the small businessman she's sent is Brian. Eventually, after many plausible complications, love blooms among her backyard's new bougainvillea.

And that's when the trouble really starts. Love stories require resistance from society to be interesting, and "Something New" isn't lacking. Strikingly, almost all the objections come from blacks. Her mother and brother are rude to Brian because he's white and lower middle class. And Brian begins to tire of her kvetching about race. Then her brother introduces her to an IBM ("Ideal Black Man"): a well-bred black lawyer, played by Blair Underwood ("LA Law") in the suave manner of Billy Dee Williams endorsing Colt 45 malt liquor.

The happy ending won't surprise anybody, but it's fun to see a movie, for once, where the white guy has more soul than the black guy. ■

Rated PG-13 for sexual references.

BOOKS

[*Postwar: A History of Europe Since 1945*, Tony Judt, Penguin, 896 pages]

Daydream of a United Europe

By James P. Pinkerton

TONY JUDT LOVES EUROPE. He is sad when his continent is wounded and divided, he is happy when it is healing and prospering. In *Postwar: A History of Europe Since 1945*, Judt outlines a vision for a harmonious Europe. It's a long shot, he acknowledges, but when he hopes for a continent united by culture and tradition, he is summoning up an ancient ideal: a United West. At a time when Europe is under grave threat from the East, it's a goal that makes more sense than ever—even if it seems harder than ever to achieve.

By West, Judt means the European Whole, from Britain to the Bosphorus to the Baltic. He is disdainful of those historians who wrote off Eastern Europe after 1945, either because they assumed that communism was the happy “end of history” or because they simply couldn't be bothered to set their horizons east of London or Paris.

There probably aren't too many humanities professors at New York University who prefer the cautious pastel politics of 20th-century Christian Democrats to the vivid utopianism of grander unelected ideologues, but Judt is one. He is pleased that an “irenical, pacific continent had risen, ‘Phoenix-like,’ from the ashes of its murderous—suicidal—past.” And for the London-born Judt, author or co-author of 10 previous books about European issues and ideas, the story is personal. Disdaining the soulless “master narratives” of historical hedgehogs, Judt tells his story fox-like: he knows many things, from

the Chetniks to Chernobyl to Charter 77 to Christian Dior.

He also knows his is a grim tale, especially at the beginning. Judt reminds us, first of all, of the scale of World War II's destruction. In addition to the 36 million Europeans killed during the conflict—the equivalent of the total population of France—millions more were displaced; in September 1944, 7.5 million foreigners lived inside the German Reich—not many of them by choice. Indeed, the two main Euro-malefactors, Germany and the Soviet Union, expelled or exiled some 30 million people during the war and a similar number in the aftermath years.

And while Judt is mindful of the unique horror of the Holocaust, he makes plain that for many Soviet citizens, life under the Nazis was better than life under the communists. He quotes one Soviet woman as saying that none of her fellow citizens complained about being forced to work in German industry: “For all of them,” she declared, “that was the only possibility of getting out of the Soviet Union.” Of course, as Judt notes with proper outrage, most of these unfortunates—along with many pre-war Russian émigrés, who had never been Soviet citizens—were shipped back to the USSR, where they faced a firing squad or Siberia.

Relentless in his anti-communism, Judt also seeks to honor those who fought against Eastern Europe's descent into captivity, often receiving little help from the West. Heroes such as the anti-communist agrarian leader Nikola Petkov of Bulgaria, shot in 1947, are revered, while the communist commissar Ana Pauker of Romania—who proved her loyalty to Stalin by waving off her own husband as he went to the gulag—are reviled. And in keeping with his theme of European communion, Judt says of the Soviets, “In brutally cutting the Soviet Union adrift from its ties to European history and culture the Bolsheviks did great and lasting damage to Russia.”

Speaking of the Cold War, Judt asserts flatly that it began when the Bolsheviks

took power—that is, not after World War II but after World War I. So he pays brief but solid tribute to the United States for making a revived Europe possible through aid and arms; he admires the humanitarian vision of those Americans who established the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration in 1943—long before the war ended, long before the formal United Nations existed. And American generosity, bolstered by the Marshall Plan, saved millions of lives in the coming decade; the last Displaced Persons camp in West Germany closed in 1957. But Judt appreciates the value of cold steel as well; after pausing over not-so-little details, such as the 73 Allied airmen who died during the Berlin Airlift of 1948-9, he offers a terse but telling treatment of the Red Army threat confronted by Harry Truman and the architects of NATO.

Of particular interest is his take on Yugoslavia, a stance that is free, once again, of the left-wing revisionism that once dominated the American academy. Judt reminds us that Tito and his partisans were simply one bunch of killers among many; he quotes the Yugoslav dissident Milovan Djilas as recalling that rival bands would hike up rocky ravines “to destroy a little group of their countrymen, often neighbors, on some jutting peak six thousand feet high.” Such acts, Djilas concluded, are “what had become of all our theories and visions of the workers' and peasants' struggle against the bourgeoisie.” Once in power, the communists showed no improvement; Judt reminds us that Tito was to Stalin's left when Belgrade and Moscow parted company.

Nor is the author kinder to more recent communists. Mikhail Gorbachev, he declares, was “first a communist and only then a reformer,” who let the Soviet Empire fall apart by accident not design. The true heroes on the eastern side of the Wall, Judt insists, were the early protesters, plus some labor leaders and a few intellectuals. And what of the Polish Pope, John Paul II? Judt takes note of him, and of the Reagan administration

that allied itself with him, but he assigns more credit to such Poles as Jacek Kuro and Karel Modzelewski, who first critiqued Sovietism in 1964 and were sentenced to prison shortly thereafter, as well as Adam Michnik and, of course, Lech Walesa.

As a mordant aside, Judt underscores the noisy irrelevance of Europe's student radicals of the '60s. Eager to celebrate communism in far-away Cuba or China, the students were curiously oblivious to the practical application of communism next door, just across the Berlin Wall. In 1968, for instance, the West German radical Rudi Dutschke visited Prague during its brief spring of liberalization; the Czech students, Judt records, were taken aback at Dutschke's "insistence that pluralist democracy was the real enemy. For them, it was the goal."

But *Postwar* is about much more than the Cold War. Although the work digresses over everything from Mozart to punk rock, the political spine of the volume is its chronicle of the centrist leaders, including Konrad Adenauer of West Germany, Alcide de Gasperi of Italy, and Robert Schuman of France—plus a few Social Democrats, most notably the heroically anti-Nazi West German Kurt Schumacher—who muddled and stumbled their way to a better

political freedoms and the rational, equitable distributive function of the administrative state."

Included in that prudential vision, to be sure, was hope for a permanent peace through some kind of formalized European unity. Because so many of postwar Europe's leaders were Catholic, Judt speculates that they were comfortable with a "trans-national 'High Authority'"—even if it was secular, not sacred. But at the same time, Adenauer & Co. were cautious; Judt describes the "crab-like institutional extension" of European Oneness: first the European Coal and Steel Community in 1951, then the European Economic Community in 1957, and finally the European Union in 1992.

But as the author makes plain, the EU is more than the story of big-spending bureaucrats bon-vivant-ing in Brussels. The idea of a peaceful European league reaches back to Charlemagne; finally, after 1945, most of the people on the continent were on board. And so the European Union was launched because it was a big idea—even if nobody was sure what its exact dimensions were or would be. As West German Chancellor Adenauer explained to his ministers: "The people must be given a new ideology. It can only be a European one."

talk about human rights. But the freedom mouse was loose in the House of Stalin and not easily caught. The Soviets, Judt concludes, were "hoist by the petard of their own cynicism."

Judt's publishing deadline was late enough for him to include the defeat of the ambitious EU Constitution in France and Holland in 2005; the author is fully aware of the EU's "extraordinarily unwieldy system of government." And so while he, like most Europeans, would like to see some sort of union, he doesn't expect it be much more than a "loosely articulated community." United States of Europe, RIP.

Judt cites Switzerland, officially known as the Swiss Confederation, as a model for the continent—indeed, for the world. The Swiss are stuffy, aging, and affluent, keeping a careful eye on newcomers. Extrapolating from that nation, Judt speculates that such mixed-together politics and economics might be a model, not only for Europe, but also for other countries seeking to split the difference between libertarianism and collectivism.

Many will howl at Judt's closing claim, that "the twenty-first century might yet belong to Europe." A European Century? For those aging, overspending, self-righteous and self-important Venusians? But before American readers demand a refund from the bookstore, they might consider that even here in the U.S., under Republican governance, social-welfare spending continues to soar, pushing us ever closer to European levels. Is it really likely that China and India, with their own deep-felt paternalist-hierarchalist traditions, will follow a substantially dissimilar course? And what if Paraguay or Zambia or Laos stay just the way they are—will entrepreneurs seeking to minimize their tax bills gravitate toward those non-welfare states?

The most serious objections to Judt's bright vision for Europe, of course, are the dark realities of ethnic conflict and demographic eclipse.

Throughout his book, Judt is mindful of ethnic confrontations. He details the

JUDT CITES **SWITZERLAND**, OFFICIALLY KNOWN AS THE SWISS CONFEDERATION, AS **A MODEL FOR THE CONTINENT**—INDEED, FOR THE WORLD. THE SWISS ARE STUFFY, AGING, AND AFFLUENT, **KEEPING A CAREFUL EYE ON NEWCOMERS**.

Europe. Their unofficial credo was "no experiments" because they were mostly on the Right, albeit the Rhenish welfare-statist Right. The Christian Democratic parties, Judt explains, "were ideally placed to capitalize on virtually every aspect of the post-war condition: the desire for stability and security, the expectation of renewal." Operating within moderate margins, these men sought a "workable balance between

Judt weaves together the stories of West and East, reminding us that the 1975 Helsinki Accords, which sought to settle the borders of Europe, also brought about, almost as an afterthought, the discussion of human rights across the continent. The Soviets, eager for geographic legitimization, were enthusiastic about the Helsinki deal, figuring that they could simply arrest any Warsaw Bloc nations foolish enough to

painful and sometimes violent breakup of the polyglot Russian and Yugoslav empires, further noting the long good-byes—some past, some ongoing—of such multicultural combines as Czechoslovakia and Belgium. Indeed, other countries, he suggests, including Spain, Italy, and the United Kingdom, are at risk of balkanization.

On the demographic issue, intertwined as it is with concerns about immigration and assimilation, Judt has less to say—certainly less than needs to be said, even in a book of more than 800 pages. Still, he identifies Muslim newcomers as the turbines slicing through placid European waters. Some will say that his knee jerks left a little when he asserts, “The transmigration of passions and frustrations from persecuted Arabs in Palestine to their angry dispirited brethren in Paris should not have come as a surprise—it was, after all, just another legacy of empire.” In fact, he notes too that Euro-immigration policies, like those of America, have long been driven by cheap-labor-hungry businesses on the Right as well as by human-rights fetishists on the Left.

Is Judt’s hopeful vision for Europe possible? Is an “irenica, pacific” continent even conceivable? Perhaps. Europe didn’t come this far entirely by accident. Its people may have their troubles, but they have been problem-solvers in the past. Maybe they will get the message of the Mohammed-mocking cartoon controversy and close their door to the Middle East. Even better, they could reopen it to Latin America. Why not call back home, for example, all those Argentines whose ancestors left the Old World—mistakenly, as it turned out—in hopes of a better life in the New World?

Meanwhile, the Europeans have finally figured out how to keep themselves clear of most deliberate foreign entanglements. They have given up their colonies and their colonial ambitions—except, of course, when offshore superpowers talk them into futile neo-adventures. But even those are modest and destined to be of short duration.

Of course, the Judtian formula for Europe—call it mass-Switzerlandization—is not a plan for *macht-politik*. Europe is, after all, just a rocky little peninsula on the Eurasian landmass. So maybe few will notice if it sidles off to the second-tier seats of history. In this mellow worldview, it is time for others, the new unbounded hyperpowers, to make their bids for world-historical hegemony.

The Europeans may never again be great, in the traditional metrics of imperialism and militarism. But armed with a few protective Euronukes of their own, and some accumulated Eurowisdom, the folks in Judt’s purview might yet find their way of bicycling and recycling, of bird watching and nature-loving. In that land, amidst their post-industrial pastoralism, they can perhaps build a small confederation of low-key, high value-added tourist traps.

It’s even possible that one of a united Europe’s greatest champions, Pope Benedict XVI, will see his prayers answered. A revival of the Roman Catholic Church on its home turf? It’s hard to see such a revival today, when the fastest-growing faith on the continent is Islam. But if Europe acts to fend off al-Europe—even as the predominant atheists and secularists continue to promote, by preaching and practice, negative population growth—it’s mathematically inevitable that the meekly proactive will inherit that earth.

Such may not be the Euro-scenario that Judt had in mind when he sat down to write this enjoyable and enlightening book. But if the other scenarios at hand mostly involve demographic desiccation, followed by Jihadists on the north shore of the Mediterranean, then Judt might conclude that a Europe further rediscovering its precious heritage is a pretty good topic for his next book. ■

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[*State of War: The Secret History of the CIA and the Bush Administration*, James Risen, Free Press, 256 pages]

Watching the Detectives

By James Bovard

JAMES RISEN’S *State of War* has opened a Pandora’s Box for the Bush administration that no amount of howling, scowling, or bogus terrorist-attack warnings will be able to close. Risen’s revelations on pervasive National Security Agency warrantless spying on Americans shred the final pretenses to legality of the Bush administration. Now the debate is simply whether, as Bush and his supporters claim, the president is effectively above the law and the Constitution during a time of (perpetual) war.

Risen has been a national security reporter for the *New York Times* for many years. He was not one of the *Times* reporters who simply recycled hokum from the White House Iraq Group. In October 2002, he wrote a piece shooting down the Bush administration’s claims that Mohammad Atta had met an Iraqi intelligence agent in Prague, one of the favorite neocon justifications for attacking Iraq.

Risen had the story on NSA wiretapping before the 2004 election, but the *Times*, under pressure from the administration, sat on the piece for at least 14 months. The paper’s timidity may have awarded George W. Bush a second term as president. After the *Times* finally published Risen’s story in mid-December, Bush seized upon the exposé to portray himself as heroically rising above the statute book to protect the American people. The administration has been boasting about its “terrorism surveillance program” ever since.

Bush announced that “the NSA program is one that listens to a few numbers called from the outside of the United States and of known al Qaeda or

affiliate people.” Except that the program also listens to calls from inside the United States to abroad. And, in some cases, it has wiretapped calls exclusively within the United States. No one knows how flimsy the standard may be that the administration is using for associating people with terrorist suspects—consumption of more than a pound of hummus a week?

Risen revealed that the “NSA is now eavesdropping on as many as five hundred people at any given time” in the United States. Bush’s “secret presidential order has given the NSA the freedom to peruse ... the email of millions of Americans.” The NSA’s program has been christened the “J. Edgar Hoover Memorial Vacuum Cleaner.”

In 1978, responding to scandals involving political spying on Americans in the name of counterespionage, Congress passed the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA). The act prohibited wiretapping of domestic phone calls without a warrant. The special

FISA court, however, sets a much lower standard for securing search warrants than is required by other federal courts.

The FISA court has approved almost every one of the more than 17,000 search warrant requests the feds have submitted since 1978. Federal agencies can even submit retroactive requests up to 72 hours after they begin surveilling someone. The number of FISA-approved wiretaps has doubled since 2001. Yet the Bush administration whines that FISA makes the U.S. government a helpless giant against terrorists.

Bush and Attorney General Alberto Gonzales claim that the warrantless wiretaps are based on Congress’s authorization to use military force against the people who attacked the United States. But if that measure actually nullified all domestic limits on the president’s power, then Americans have been living under martial law since Sept. 18, 2001, when Congress passed the resolution. Bush and Gonzales also assert that the president has inherent power to tap phone calls, thanks to Article II of the Constitution. This is the same “commander-in-chief override” that Gonzales invoked after the Abu Ghraib scandal to justify the Bush administration ignoring the federal Anti-Torture Act.

The Founding Fathers, in the Fourth Amendment of the Bill of Rights, decreed that government searches must be based on probable cause and approved by a neutral magistrate. The Bush wiretapping program is based solely upon the president’s edict. Shift supervisors at the National Security Agency decide which Americans get wiretapped. But a GS-13 civil servant is not constitutionally on par with a federal judge.

Risen is soft on Michael Hayden, the former Air Force general who was NSA chief when the illegal spying began shortly after 9/11. Risen notes that Hayden “hosted off-the-record dinners for the press at his home at Fort Meade.” He does not recite the menu for the dinners, but the fare seems to have paid off handsomely. Risen neglects to mention that Hayden deceived Congress in Oct. 17,

2002 testimony regarding FISA. Hayden told Congressman Porter Goss—now the Director of Central Intelligence—that once a person enters the United States, “that person would have protections as what the law defines as a U.S. person. And I would have no authorities to pursue it” outside of a court-authorized wiretap. But the NSA was vigorously pursuing the calls and e-mails of many people within the United States at that time regardless of the law.

Perhaps because of his obedience in carrying out warrantless wiretaps, Hayden was promoted by Bush in 2005 to be the number-two intelligence official within the federal government. If the NSA wiretap scandal continues heating up, Bush may be obliged to give Hayden a presidential Medal of Freedom, as he did to former CIA director George “Slam Dunk” Tenet.

The subtitle of the book is “The Secret History of the CIA and the Bush Administration,” and Risen provides many insights into the perversion of that agency’s intelligence and analysis in the Bush era. Before the 2003 invasion, the CIA swayed many Iraqi-Americans to return to their homeland to pump relatives who were scientists for information on Saddam’s weapons programs. When the bravehearts returned to the U.S. and reported that the programs had been shut down, the CIA buried their reports, refusing even to forward the information to senior Bush policymakers. The CIA did express its gratitude to Sawsan Alhaddad, a Cleveland doctor who risked her life to ask her nuclear scientist brother in Baghdad for information, by giving her an American flag that had purportedly flown over CIA headquarters.

Some CIA flops are due to the dumbing down of its analyses. The popularity of cable news networks pressures policy makers to respond to endless transient crises. Risen points out that some CIA analysts learned that to get ahead, “they had to master the trick of writing quick, short reports that would grab the attention of top policy makers. CIA analysts had become the classified equivalent of

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television reporters, rather than college professors. The result was that fewer analysts were taking the time to go back and challenge basic assumptions."

State of War provides excellent new insights into how much evidence the Bush administration and the CIA scorned in building the case to attack Iraq. Risen notes, "Israeli intelligence played a hidden role in convincing Wolfowitz that he couldn't trust the CIA, according to a former senior Pentagon colleague. Israeli intelligence officials frequently traveled to Washington to brief top American officials, but CIA analysts were often skeptical of Israeli intelligence reports, knowing that Mossad had very strong—even transparent—biases about the Arab World." But nothing could undermine Mossad's credibility for neoconservatives like Wolfowitz and Feith, determined to believe anyone and anything that sanctified attacking Saddam.

The most compelling material in this book, however, remains the exposure of domestic intelligence abuses. The NSA illegal surveillance uncovered by Risen dwarfs the Patriot Act controversies. Many Republicans have nonetheless rushed to embrace and defend the Bush administration's warrantless spying. Bush's comments on his "terrorism surveillance program" got a standing ovation from GOP congressmen during his State of the Union address. Republicans are staking their honor on the Bush administration's honesty—on the assertion that all the wiretaps were carefully targeted to people linked to al-Qaeda suspects. This is a reckless wager. If the wiretaps were actually limited to calls to and from al-Qaeda suspects, it would have been easy as pie to get FISA warrants.

It is naïve to believe that the feds will behave properly once they are permitted to violate the law. During J. Edgar Hoover's later years, the FBI carried out more than 2,000 COINTELPRO operations to spy on Americans they disliked, using the intelligence gathered to incite street warfare between violent groups, wreck marriages, portray innocent peo-

ple as government informants, sic the IRS on citizens, and cripple or destroy left-wing, black, communist, and other organizations. Even the John Birch Society was secretly targeted by the feds. If the current rulers are using 1960s standards, practically any opponent of the Bush administration could be targeted for illegal surveillance.

What other presidential orders have been issued since 2001 that explicitly exempt U.S. government agencies from federal law and the Constitution? Bush has surrounded himself with people who continually assure him that his power is absolute during wartime. *Newsweek* reported that Steven Bradbury, head of the Justice Department's Office of Legal Counsel, recently informed the Senate Intelligence Committee that Bush could order killings of suspected terrorists within the U.S. Considering the administration's dismal record in identifying bona fide versus bogus terrorists since 9/11, this license to kill could wreak havoc on the nation's convenience stores and taxi companies.

Some wearisome Washington platitudes creep into *State of War*. Risen declares, "Bush does deserve credit for making the spread of democracy in the Middle East a centerpiece of his agenda for his second term." But Bush deserves no credit for recycling idealist rhetoric while perpetuating policies that breed hatred, violence, and chaos across a large part of the globe. Risen judiciously notes, "It sometimes seems as if the Bush administration is fighting the birthrate of the entire Arab world."

Risen's revelations are propelling congressional and media investigations into the NSA warrantless wiretapping. The actual abuses will very likely prove to be far more widespread and shocking than what has been disclosed so far. Perhaps the best epithet for Bush's civil liberties record is the saying of Lily Tomlin: "No matter how cynical you become, it's never enough to keep up." ■

James Bovard is author of the just published Attention Deficit Democracy (St. Martin's/Palgrave) and 8 other books.

MUSIC

Bix Was the Best

By Ralph de Toledano

ASK ANY 10 jazz aficionados to name the two greatest jazz trumpets, and your answer will be immediate: Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke. Technically, are they correct? After his Chicago years, Louis switched from cornet to the more brilliant trumpet, but Bix stayed with his beat-cornet. Louis learned the basics of his instrument as a kid in a New Orleans waifs' home, moved up the Mississippi to Chicago with King Olive, and helped create the mainstream jazz of its great middle period.

Bix came from the Iowa corn country and a Germanic family. His mother was a talented amateur pianist, and on his father's side there was a strong musical tradition going back to the old country. When he was big enough to reach the keyboard of a piano, Bix began picking out with one finger the classical music he heard on the family Victrola. After his death, it would be said that his style of improvisation derived from this early training, but this is a myth—and "In a Mist," the famous piano piece he wrote towards the end of his life, bears only the faintest taint of the "modernists" he may or may not have ever heard.

The myths always sang around Bix. Dorothy Baker's 1938 novel *Young Man With a Horn*, presumably based on his life, made good reading for its celebration of jazz, but it was all fiction, even to the "explanation" that Bix began drinking heavily to alleviate the pain of having a beer bottle shoved into him by the mobsters who ran most of the nightclubs. The only truly evocative pieces about him were those by Otis Ferguson, who wrote perceptively about jazz for *The New Republic*, and Jack Teagarden, one of the greats of jazzmen who

touched a nerve when he remarked, "You know Bix. He didn't give a damn." What came out of the bell of his cornet was all that mattered to him, and his life was invested in that beat-up horn he sometimes carried in a paper bag.

Leon Bismark Beiderbecke was born in Davenport, Iowa and grew to his teens as an average middle-class kid, though from an early age given to shyness and self-doubt. By five he was a more than competent pianist and, being endowed with perfect pitch, always played by ear. The side-wheelers sometimes went up river to Davenport, and Bix would row out to hear the New Orleans bands they featured. Chicago was not too far for the

octave, unlike Louis Armstrong, who climbed to the unprecedented heights of C about high C and beyond. His playing had a pulsing excitement under an unhurried, almost serene timing and easy vibrato. With it all, there was an abiding lyricism, a plangency almost never found in the jazz of his time, marking every solo. His improvisations were more on the melody than the chord. The two greatest records he made were "Singing the Blues" and "I'm Coming Virginia," with Frankie Trumbauer's band—perfect in their sense of harmonic structure and his subtle and endless variations of jazz's 4/4 rhythms, and in his sure instinct of when to drag and

crash. But Jack Teagarden was right: Bix truly didn't give a damn. He wore clothes, his and borrowed, till they literally fell apart, and his tuxedo and boiled shirt, the bandstand uniform, were food-stained. The Whiteman Orchestra's touring schedule was killing, and so were the jam sessions that kept him up around the clock. And worst of all, there was the slow destruction of his obsessive drinking—a steady three pints of whiskey a day. An attack of *delirium tremens* sent him back to Davenport and a sanitarium. But it did not shake the monkey off his back. He returned to New York, still acclaimed by the jazz world—back to a life of gigging and drinking. He died of pneumonia, brought on by alcoholism, in 1931.

Bix Beiderbecke left as his legacy a few dozen recordings—some great but mostly mediocre and no measure of his genius—and a great nostalgia. Few really knew him, and fewer jazzmen tried to follow in his footsteps: Bunny Berigan, who also fell victim to the bottle; Rex Stewart, whose only remotely Bixian recording was "The Sergeant Was Shy," cut with Duke Ellington; Andy Secrest, who forsook jazz for Hollywood's studio bands; and perhaps the clarinet Frank Teschemacher of Bix's Chicago days. The Benny Goodman 1938 Carnegie Hall jazz concert remembered Bix, and the young cornetist Bobby Hackett stood in for an evocation of Bix's "I'm Coming Virginia." It was a lovely and noble attempt. But all that there was of Bix Beiderbecke and his music was forever gone. ■

Ralph de Toledano is a former editor of Newsweek and the author or editor of over 20 books, including Frontiers of Jazz.

BIX'S MUSIC CAME NOT OUT OF HIS HORN BUT OUT OF HIMSELF—HIS HEART AND HIS GUT. HIS TONE WAS PLATINUM PURE, ROUNDED, ALWAYS SINGING, UNMATCHED. EACH NOTE WAS LIKE A STRUCK GONG, YET IN THE FLOW OF HIS MELODIC LINE.

winds of jazz to reach Davenport—Louis and the congeries of New Orleans musicians had moved up the river when Navy Secretary Josephus Daniels drove them out of Storyville.

Bix was 15 when he began teaching himself the cornet—playing along with the recordings of the frenetic Original Dixieland Jazz Band. By 18, he began his professional life in jazz and his love affair with John Barleycorn, gigging with pick-up groups in Chicago's North Shore and its environs, listening to the New Orleans bands and their emergent white Chicago-style counterparts—and to Louis. He was 19 when he helped organize the Wolverines, a local jazz band, and it was Bix's already defined style and the recognition of his great talent that took the young combo into the recording studios.

Bix's music came not out of his horn but out of himself—his heart and his gut. His tone was platinum pure, rounded, always singing, unmatched. Each note was like a struck gong, yet in the flow of his melodic line. Having learned from Nick La Rocca of the ODJB, the range of his improvisations seldom exceeded an

when to ride ahead of the beat, intrinsic to blues singers. And always the beautiful rightness.

The rest in many ways is tragic. In 1924, he joined the Jean Goldkette orchestra, the first of the Bix outsize dance bands, with a "hot section" including the finest white jazzmen of the time—which moved to the equally outsize dance and "symphonic" Paul Whiteman Orchestra. Those should have been Bix's glory days—playing among the greats of the leading orchestras of the times, idolized by jazzmen and a growing public, jamming night after night and into the late morning in Harlem and recording with the Whiteman jazz section records like "From Monday On" (with the soprano vocalizing of the young Bing Crosby). But there was always with him that sense of inadequacy because he could not read the intricate Whiteman scores, though his unfailing memory carried him through as if he were reading the notes before him.

He was earning \$300 a week—in his two years with the Whiteman he made \$25,000, or \$270,000 in 2006 dollars—not a trifling wage before the stock-market

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Radical Sheik Chic



My Cadogan Square flat in London is a stone's throw away from the Danish Embassy, and recently I had the opportunity to observe some

pretty unpleasant characters doing what comes naturally to them in this rather sedate and leafy corner of a once civilized city. As everyone knows, the demonstration was about cartoons, and the usually placid and peaceful Danes were on the receiving end.

Too much has already been written about this non-event, but let's get a few things straight: the anger against the Danes had little to do with the cartoons and lots to do with Arab political and religious leaders for whom the whole episode was a godsend. Clerics and dictators cynically sought to manipulate the issue, starting, of course, with the Saudi friends of George W. Bush and Richard "Sharpshooter" Cheney. The Saudi kleptocrats, who have the gall to call themselves royal, are always worried about the Islamic fundamentalists whom they finance, and this was their chance to show their Islamic credentials. The fact that the ruling family has stolen the country's oil wealth and invested it in palaces, yachts, private Boeings, high-class prostitutes, gambling, and Swiss bank accounts does not enter in the equation. I won't even bother to go into why the Syrians, Iranians, and the Lebanese rioted. Orders are orders. The cartoon crisis was hijacked by Middle East leaders who saw a golden opportunity to get back at the West for, I assume, Thomas Edison, Marconi, Louis Pasteur, Fleming, and other inventive types.

What bothered me most while I watched these characters asking for death to infidels was not how outrageous and medieval their demands were but how weak and spineless the British response was. Masked maniacs were

given a police escort to march through London preaching death and laughing at those who died in last July's bombings. One who particularly stuck out was Omar Khayam, a 22-year-old Londoner who was dressed as a suicide bomber and who the next day was identified as a crack-cocaine drug dealer who was apparently radicalized while serving time for dealing. Allah, you see, works in mysterious ways. One deals crack cocaine to youngsters and, once jailed, one turns to the prophet and emerges as a disciple and a passionate Islamist.

Ah, but the beauty of Islam is that if Mr. Omar Khayam had been caught dealing in Saudi Arabia, for example, he would have been beheaded quicker than you can say Abdullah. It's only in the decadent West that these freaks are allowed to run wild and are given license to interrupt our lives, blow up our properties, and kill our fellow Europeans.

What I'd love to see is a few Christians retaliating by torching the Saudi Embassy on Curzon Street or sawing off the head of some mad mullah preaching hate in Tottenham. This, of course, will never happen. If it did, you'd see Tony Blair's storm troopers cracking heads and rounding up Christians at gunpoint. Last year, at a Countryside Alliance rally against the ban on hunting, the fuzz attacked well-behaved, tweedy types in a manner that German cops back in 1936 would have envied.

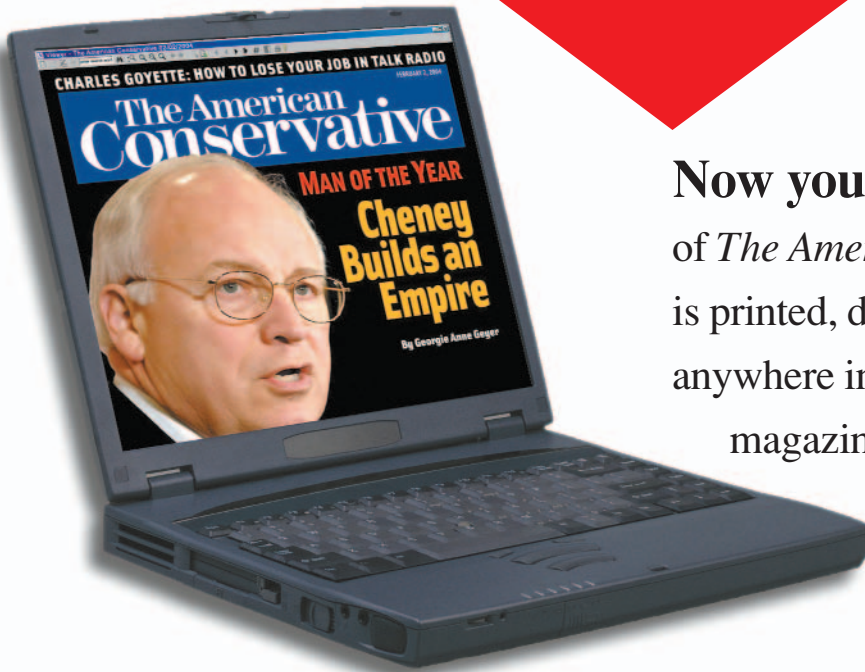
As the anti-Danish demonstrations were taking place, a fashionable "art" show was opening at the White Cube gallery, one I refused to attend but one that many of my friends eagerly flocked to. It was the latest work of a twosome

called Gilbert and George, who have used coprophilia as a theme in the past but whose present show is mainly devoted to attacks on the Catholic Church. The show is called Sonofagod Pictures, and it features a slogan that says "God loves F***ing." Like most Christians, I find this offensive to the extreme, but if I happen to pass the pair on the street, I will have to give them a pass in the interest of freedom of expression. This is what it all comes down to. Our so-called strengths have become our weaknesses.

There was also a great deal of talk about responsible journalism, gratuitous offense, and multicultural sensitivities, but if you put the three together they spell one word: fear. British politicians are scared to death of their Muslim constituents, all five, six, or perhaps eight million of them, and know damn well that Muslims vote as they are told to vote by their imams. The week following the riots, Cherie Blair, the wife of George W.'s poodle, Tony, had gone to court as a barrister pleading against a school rule that forbids head-to-toe cover for female Muslim students. Now what kind of message does the venal Mrs. Blair send to self-aggrandizing Muslim community leaders and extremists? If it's good enough for the wife of Britain's number one, it should also be good enough for the rest of us suckers. The Blair woman makes a very lucrative living out of human-rights cases, a fact not lost to the Muslim community.

The British government has played tough in Iraq, which it should not have touched with the proverbial ten-foot pole, but has appeased and has been cowed by extreme Muslims at home while it searches for Muslim votes. Anything the Brits get as a result they deserve. After all, unlike the brave Danes, they have voted for the criminal Blair regime three times running. ■

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